No. 753
Friday
6 Oct. '90

PRIVATE EYE

70p

HEATH'S TRIUMPH

In its first year Barclays New Stages - an initiative devised to encourage and promote independent theatre companies - had an enormous response, with over 250 companies applying for production sponsorship.

Among those requiring this much- needed financial support are many groups dedicated to working with, and for, young people with special needs. Apart from providing sheer entertainment, such groups also fulfil an extremely useful educational role, and Barclays New Stages will give some of them an opportunity to share in the awards and, also, to take part in the festival, to be held at the Royal Court Theatre - internationally renowned as the home of so much new writing talent. I am sure the Fringe efforts for education and special needs will not go unrecognised.

Sir Brian Rix CBE, OL
Chairman, Drama Panel, Arts Council

Barclays New Stages is a unique three-year sponsorship devised by Barclays Bank to encourage and promote Fringe theatre. In 1990 Barclays New Stages will enable ten Fringe companies to devise, perform and tour new works nationwide. One of the ten companies - Dogs in Honey - is currently touring Britain with their latest work - ***Architecture for Babies***

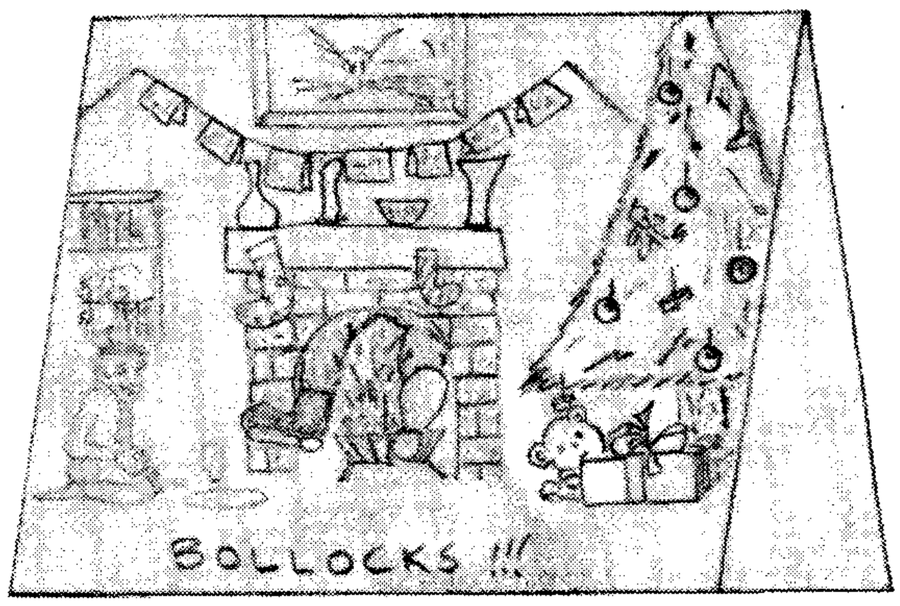
Dogs in Honey details from 0602 413262

Barclays New Stages details from Kallaway Ltd 071 221 7883

BARCLAYS new stages

FOR INDEPENDENT THEATRE

KIDS KARDS



Design your own Christmas Cards for under £1 each.

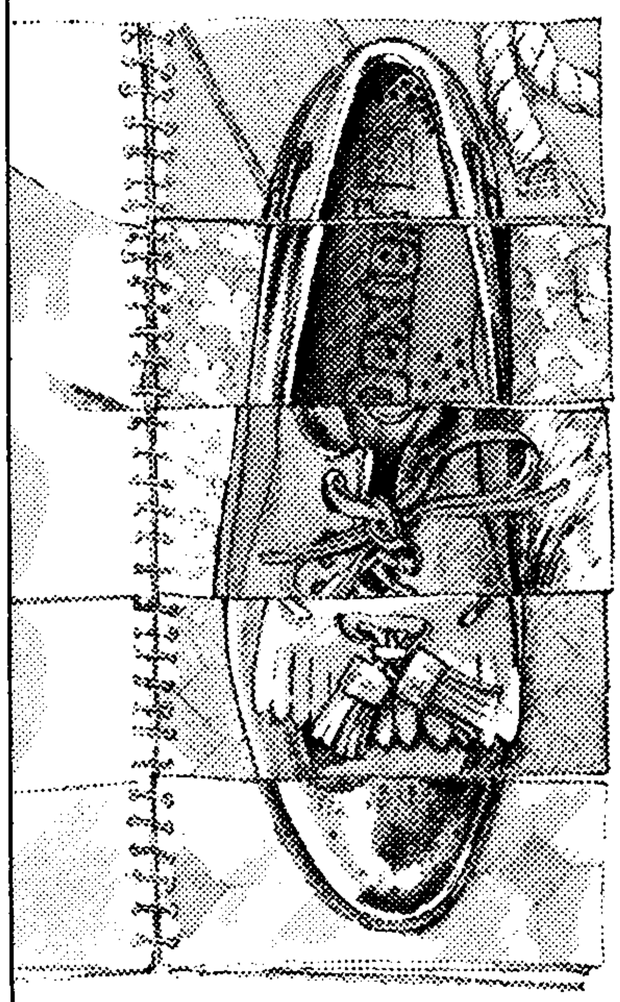
Why not make this year a little special and design your own unique greetings cards, you can have any design you like, seasonal, humorous, sad or rude.
Send us your design on a piece of card 6"× 4" or even a colour print 6"× 4" and we will reproduce in full colour 25 high quality greetings cards, with matching envelopes.
Businesses may like to order more than 25 cards, if so, please ring us at the number below and we will be pleased to help.

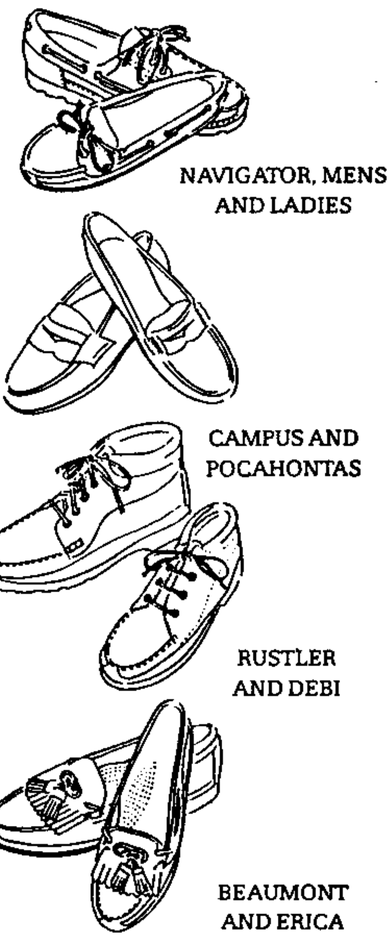
Just send £23.95 + £2.15 P&P (cheque or P.O.) to:

Kids Kards, 17 Rosebery Avenue, London EC1R 4SS. Tel: 071-278 0160.

Please allow 28 days for delivery and remember to tell us: your name, address and telephone number.

Whatever your footwear requirements, flip through the Dexter range and you will find the shoe to match. Dexter blend traditional craftsmanship, the best materials and modern technology to produce stylish comfortable shoes for every occasion, whether outdoor, dress or casual.





Dexter
CRAFTED IN MAINE

London Harrods, The Natural Shoe Stores, J. Simons, Quincy; **Maidstone** Golden Boot; **Bath** Charles Ashley, Shoon; **Cardiff** Woodies; **Glasgow** The Natural Shoe Store; **Guernsey C.I.** Celaro; **Jersey C.I.** Marc Shoes; **Norwich** Ward & Wright; **Oxford** Macs-A-Million; **Cambridge** The Magdalene Street Shoe Shop; **Belfast** Trampas; **Exeter** Shoon; **East Molesley** Igedo; **Weybridge** Anzo; **Chesterfield** Zebra; **Newcastle** Breeze. Ladies' available at Jigsaw and selected branches of Carvela; Men's available at Kurt Geiger branches; Mens' and Ladies' available at selected Lord & Farmer shops.

Distributors: Central Trade Ltd, Avonmore Place, London W14 8RW. Tel. 071-371 6554.

Before the booms, crashes and bangs, the City Programme brings you the rumblings.

If there's one thing you can be sure of in the City, it's that you can't be sure of anything.

Whether you're a mover and a shaker or a watcher and a dabbler, it makes no difference.

No deal is a 'sure thing', no crisis unavoidable. Until it actually happens.

Which is one of the main reasons the City Programme is watched avidly by up to 800,000 people per week.

(Not bad for a specialised programme that's only seen by viewers in the Thames region.)

But who, you may well ask, are these viewers?

City people trying to stay – as they might put it – 'up to speed'?

Or merely interested observers with no direct involvement in the Square Mile? The answer is both.

In the 80's the City suddenly became 'glamorous'. Privatisation created seven million first-time shareholders.

And people began to realise that not only does the City daily deal with sums of money far greater than the national budgets of most countries, but that it also wields a power far greater than many governments.

This, of course, is the stuff of the box office blockbuster and week-in week-out viewing. Enter the 'City Programme'.

Broadcast live, its content is continuously updated by reports that keep coming in while it's on air.

"Thursday is a great news day," says Terry Kelleher, the programme's creator and editor.

Every arrest in the Guinness case, it seems, happened on a Thursday and each time the City Programme's cameras were there.

And while the press were still casting the runes and consulting the tea-leaves, the City Programme was already breaking other such major stories as Sotheby's secret loans portfolio for clients' art purchases. (Including Alan Bond's £30m Van Gogh), the government's attempt to censor analysts' views on privatisation issues and the exposure of a secret dossier highly critical of Lloyd's of London's administration.

But not all our stories are headline news or major exposés.

Like any other community, the City has its own share of human interest stories too. The £80 thousand a year dealer who gave it all up to become a vicar, for example.

And the Prudential policy-holder who was informed via a faulty computer that he owed the company ninety-nine instalments each of £9,999,999.

"Ultimately," says Kelleher, "it's our job to crack the mystique that surrounds the City."

"10.30 on Thursday night isn't exactly prime time, but we've turned it into prime time."

Which explains why the likes of Murdoch, Branson, Maxwell and Hanson are all prepared to grant the City Programme interviews at short notice.

These, together with a meltdown of news stories, bulletins and international satellite link-ups, judiciously crammed into a very rapid half-hour, make for a programme that is always compelling viewing.

THAMES TELEVISION

And one that, on occasion, has been known to send tremors through the City.

THAMES. A TALENT FOR TELEVISION.

I suggested he try an aperitif,
but he said he'd already got his on the NHS....

NOILLY PRAT
ORIGINAL FRENCH DRY

Noilly Prat is
l'aperitif definitif!

Before lunch, before dinner- the delicious, dry, rounded, taste of Noilly Prat cleanses the palate and stimulates the appetite like no other aperitif.

Fine wines matured in oak for 3 years in the sun-drenched South of France, enriched with a secret blend of more than 40 herbs, produce the unique taste.

Experience Noilly Prat today- simply chilled or with ice.

And remember when you order, the name *does* rhyme with cat.

FRENCH, DRY AND MISUNDERSTOOD.

LAPHROAIG

IT'S POSSIBLE TO EXPERIENCE ALL

FOUR SEASONS IN AN HOUR ON ISLAY.

HOW LAPHROAIG REMAINS UNCHANGED

IS BEYOND COMPREHENSION.

It's not time that flies by on Islay. It's the weather. And in such changeable conditions, how can Laphroaig's distinctive rich and smokey taste have remained unchanged for well over 150 years? To solve this conundrum one would perhaps have to visit Islay. But to merely ponder over it, one should do so under cover, with a drop of Laphroaig.

SINGLE ISLAY MALT. AS UNIQUE AS THE ISLAND ITSELF.

GIVE YOUR OWN REGARDS TO BROADWAY.

On a Virgin Broadway Break you can make it to New York from just £369.

The price includes return flights, transfer to and from your Manhattan hotel - where you'll be accommodated for 3 nights, plus a choice of Broadway show.

Flights depart from Gatwick every day of the week. For your immediate reservation call 0293 775511, or talk to your nearest ABTA Travel Agent.

Virgin BROADWAY BREAKS

FROM JUST £369

Virgin Holidays

ABTA 83588 Virgin Holidays Ltd

Gnome

READERS will no doubt have noticed that the famous "Page 3 Girl" no longer appears in my newspaper.

I have decided that the sight of a topless girl when turning the first page of a paper is no longer appropriate to the world we live in today.

In my drive for a cleaner, decent, more moral society, the Page 3 Girl seems to be an unfortunate anomaly and my talks with my friend the TV evangelist Reverend Jimmy Brimstone have shown me the error of my ways.

The Page 3 Girl will now appear on page seven in full colour with even fewer clothes on.

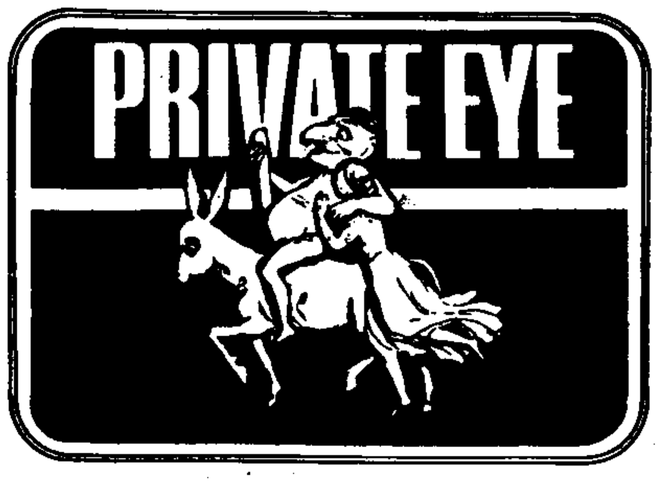
E. Strobes
Lord Gnome
"Porn Again"
Wapping
Great Knockers
Humbug.

PRIVATE EYE

6 Carlisle Street, London W1.
071-437 4017. Fax: 071-437 0705.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

£13 per annum. Europe and Eire £19
Elsewhere: Surface £19 Air £24
Cheques/POs to Private Eye
Access/Visa
Private Eye Subscriptions
Mortimer House, 230-236 Lavender Hill,
London SW11 — 071-228 0588
Fax: 071-924 3719



COLOUR SECTION

P&O NEWS

AN IMPORTANT factor in the case against P&O and others, which has just fizzled out in one of the great legal scandals of modern times, was not mentioned in the 27 days through which Mr Justice Turner allowed the case to proceed: The Sturt Syndrome.

Sturt was the name of the coroner in Dover who presided over the inquest into the deaths of the 200 people killed when the P&O ferry Herald of Free Enterprise capsized at Zeebrugge in March 1987. At the inquest, arrayed against a battery of top lawyers for P&O and the ferry's officers was one rather nervous junior barrister for the families of the bereaved, who argued hesitatingly that the coroners' jury might like to bring in a verdict of unlawful killing. The P&O barristers exploded with indignation. They were joined by Mr Sturt himself who summed up in the most categorical way against an unlawful killing verdict. The jury promptly returned a verdict of unlawful killing.

The whole episode proved to the legal establishment how very unsafe juries can be and how the majesty of the law can be imperilled by a handful of ordinary people who are too easily swayed to sympathy at the thought of 200 innocent travellers unnecessarily killed.

From the start of the case in the Old Bailey last month (in which P&O itself, three of its former directors and various officers on board the stricken ferry were charged with manslaughter), it was clear that Someone Up There had decided that, whatever happened, the jury must be kept out of it.

The legal line up was a model of fair play, even by the standards of the Bar. P&O had provided their officers with the best barristers in the business: Mr George Carman QC, Mr Sydney Kentridge QC, Mr Richard Du Cann QC and Mr William Gage QC to name but four. Against this formidable team, which never for an instant broke ranks, was arrayed Mr Richard Jeffreys QC, the single silk for the prosecution. The kindest adjective which could be ascribed to Mr Jeffreys' performance was "lamentable". He seemed unable to keep more than a single argument in his head at any one time. The climax of his cross-examining technique was reached when the judge said he wasn't clear where the line of questioning was leading. "My lord," responded Jeffreys disarmingly, "neither have I".

The prosecution had to prove that there was an "obvious risk" that the doors of the ferry could be left open on the high seas. Masses of evidence had been presented even to the Sheen inquiry in 1987 that the company knew perfectly well that there was such a risk. A captain de St Croix had actually sent a memorandum to the marine department of P&O begging it to instal indicator lights on the bridge which would tell the captain whether or not the doors were open. The memo had been defaced with flippant comments by senior P&O staff — and indicator lights were not installed. On another occasion, a P&O director, gazing out of his window at Dover, had seen a ferry leaving the harbour with its bow doors open. He rang the ferry's bridge to be told, yes, they knew about the open doors and were doing their best to get them shut.

The idea that no one at P&O had even imagined the risk of leaving the doors open was absurd to the point of perversity. Yet this was the point to which the defence lawyers clung, and which Mr Jeffreys seemed unable to refute. Jeffreys called officer after officer from P&O, who are either still working for the company or are dependent on heavy pensions from it. All blandly told the court that the risk of the doors staying open had never occurred to them. Thus each prosecution witness turned into a witness for the defence.

Each said that the system of having one officer responsible for closing the doors and another for ensuring that the doors were closed was such a fail-safe system that it was impossible to imagine that it would fail. When it was put to them that in the case of the Herald of Free Enterprise the man responsible for closing the doors had gone to sleep while the other officer was on the bridge where he could have had no idea whether the doors were open or not, they replied — all of them — that this was so unlikely as never to have been an obvious risk.

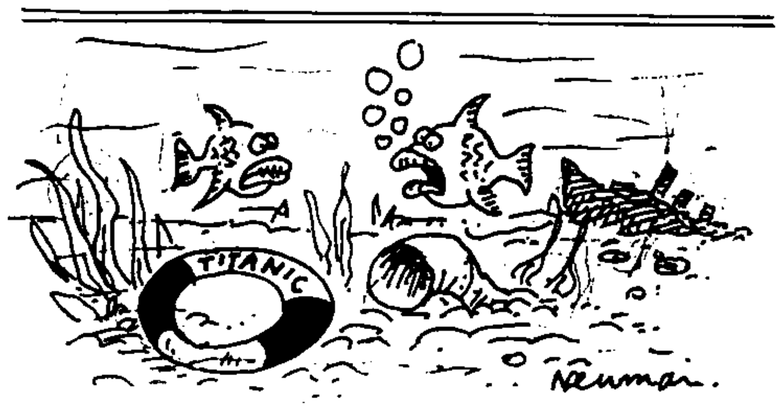
Even when Mr Jeffreys was able to prove that there had been at least 20 and probably nearer 50 cases in which P&O ferries had left their berths with doors open, the P&O masters were unmoved. When Mr Jeffreys asked to call masters from another company, Sealink, which even before Zeebrugge had installed a system of "positive reporting" (whereby the fact that the doors were closed had to be directly reported to the bridge before any ferry could move) Mr Justice Turner turned him down flat.

Perhaps the most surprising feature of the whole bungled prosecution was the lack of information. It seemed that the prosecution had no more information than that which was available to the Sheen inquiry. Some policemen in Kent, who spent thousands of hours preparing their very strong recommendation to the DPP for a manslaughter prosecution, wonder why so little of the information they dug up was ever presented to the court.

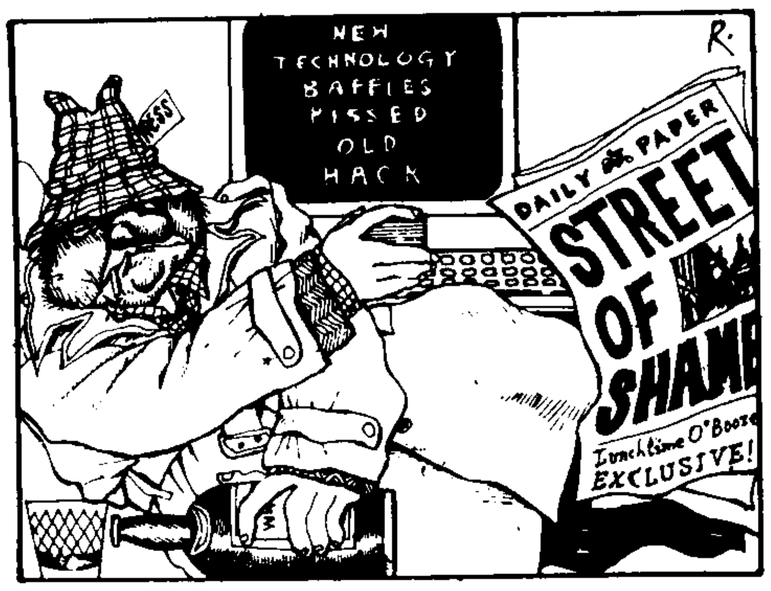
On 5 October, after the case had been going barely three weeks, Mr Justice Turner, harried at every twist and turn by senior barristers, first indicated that he was suffering from an "intellectual difficulty". The "obvious risk" didn't seem at all obvious to him. The case dragged on hesitatingly, while both judge and barristers got more and more terrified of The Sturt Syndrome. What had happened at the Dover inquest could happen at the Old Bailey: no matter how much a judge and senior barristers whined on about the fact that there was no obvious risk, 12 good and true men and women might take the view (which is plain to anyone who studies the matter for a moment) that P&O officers had themselves encountered many cases of open doors at sea; that at least one captain had begged for a reporting system; but that the whole question had been cynically swept under the carpet.

Should the matter be left to the jury? Judges and counsel conferred. They decided that if several senior ships officers testified that there was no obvious risk, it was impossible for ordinary lay people to say otherwise. Thus the judge ordered the jury to find most of the defendants (including of course the company) not guilty, and the DPP promptly threw in the towel over the others.

The case dragged on still further as the barristers debated another matter: their costs. These, they argued, should be borne by the DPP, which was responsible for the prosecution in the first place. If the judge agrees (and as the *Eye* went to press it seems he may do) the frightful costs might deter any future DPP from sending any case of corporate responsibility for people's deaths to the courts .



"The iceberg's been cleared"



SUPER soaraway *Sun* editor Kelvin Mackenzie seems to be rather jumpy about the imminent publication of *Stick It Up Your Punter*, an unauthorised and unflattering history of his newspaper by Peter Chippindale and Chris Horrie.

Last week, shortly before the *Sunday Despondent* began serialising the book, Kelvin sent a number of desperate messages to *Corrie* editor John Bryant begging him to reconsider. The wily Bryant refused, but told Kelvin he would be happy to offer him a right of reply. Kelvin's answer was typically brief: "No comment".

Meanwhile, the huge, ankle-chain-wearing ex-Trotskyist Wendy Henry, herself a former deputy editor of the *Sun*, has instructed her solicitors, Sweepstone Walsh, to send a threatening letter to the book's publishers, Heinemann. "It is not normally Ms Henry's habit to resort to lawyers about publications concerning herself," they write. "She takes the view that those who work in the media should accept the cut and thrust of other publications. However..."

The Badger's lawyers list her grievances: "We understand it is intended to say in the book that Ms Henry confuses fiction with reality. This suggests that she invents stories and any such suggestion is without foundation.

"We also understand she is to be described as supervising an editorial conference when not wearing knickers and lolling back in her mini skirt riding up her thighs and her legs apart. This is untrue as is any suggestion that she did this habitually.

"We also understand it is intended to describe her as dressing like a scruffy tart who permanently looked as though she needed a good wash. The clear implication... is that Ms Henry dresses as and behaves like a slut.

"Ms Henry would not take issue with the suggestion that she dresses unconventionally. However, the allegation that she looks like an unwashed tart and behaves in the revolting manner described is untrue and libellous... We must ask you to take the necessary steps to ensure that these matters do not appear in your book, otherwise Ms Henry will have to consider appropriate steps to protect her position."

It seems Wendy was tipped off by someone who had seen an early draft of the manuscript, which could indeed have been read as suggesting that she didn't wear knickers: it reported that she had earned her nickname "Badger" from the colour of her pubic hair, which had been visible during an editorial conference. However, the text had already been changed before her solicitors' letter arrived: the final version, used in the book, makes it abundantly clear that she was not knickerless. The nickname, it now explains, was provoked by "a few stray pubic hairs sticking out of her pants." This seems to have pacified the Badger.

Apart from that slight worry, these are happy times for Wendy Henry. Less than a year ago, it will be recalled, she was sacked by Cap'n Bob from the editorship of the *People* for printing snatch photos of Sammy Davis Jnr's throat cancer and Prince William's "royal wee". At the time, Maxwell boasted on television that his action proved he was standing firm against sleaze. La Henry, he implied, was unfit to edit a decent newspaper.

Last week, with almost no publicity, Maxwell welcomed the selfsame Wendy Henry back into the fold, appointing her group contributing editor of the Mirror Group. She has been put in charge of developing *Mirror Woman*, *Mirror Extra*, a television listings magazine and other putative publications. Whether these mags will suddenly start investigating royal urine or indeed the problem of unruly pubic hair, remains to be seen.

IT NEVER rains but it pours, especially at the *Daily Mirror*.

While on honeymoon pop queen Gill Pringle learnt that her column was to be reduced to two days a week. Outraged, she confronted Roy Greenslime, her editor, and was duly sacked.

Gill, who knows how to fight, took her case to Cap'n Bob and was offered her company car for £1 and a year's redundancy, to which Greenslime has objected.

Perhaps the greatest injustice, though, involves her husband, a failed record company executive who went to Los Angeles recently to secure a new contract. On returning to these shores he was stopped at Customs in the preposterous belief that he had a kilo of cocaine strapped to his back.

THE LATEST issue of *Mars and Minerva*, the SAS house magazine, contains an article entitled "Hacked Off", in which the cream of British soldiery are warned against having anything to do with journalists.

"We pride ourselves that we are a security conscious organisation. Present indications are that we cannot live up to this boast and that, despite all our protestations of innocence, there are those amongst us who are a little too frank about their past activities with the tenth pint."

MEANWHILE, the *FT's* campaign to attract more graduates — particularly women — has come slightly unstuck.

To publicise its annual "Careers Guide for Graduates", which appeared last week, it invited a number of student-union presidents to spend the day at its office. The 11 who turned up were shown a promotional video packed with exciting scenes of *FT* staff at work.

"Is this really what working at the *FT* is like?" asked one student president when the video was over.

"Yes indeed," replied the paper's financial editor, Peter Martin, beaming with pride.

"But there aren't any women in it," the unimpressed youth pointed out. Martin, who had earlier been boasting of the newspaper's commitment to equal opportunities, suddenly became extremely flustered. The students were even more disenchanted shortly afterwards: they discovered that it hadn't occurred to the *FT* to pay their travel expenses.

GARRY "Gal" Bushell, the man they can't gag, has finally had his comeuppance.

In his TV column in the *Sun* on 1 October, Gal wrote a typically measured and thoughtful review of Salman Rushdie's appearance on the *South Bank Show*, under the headline "Wet Bit of Salman". "This repulsive man," Bushell wrote, "has a record of treachery that would make George Blake blush."

Rushdie's solicitor, Bernie Simons of Simons Muirhead & Burton, sprang into action. George Blake, he pointed out in a letter to the *Sun*, "was sentenced to 42 years imprisonment for spying, his crime involving inter alia betraying to the Soviet Union the names of British agents, thereby no doubt leading to their deaths." To suggest that a persecuted novelist was a greater traitor than Blake was "as evil as it is defamatory". Writs were promised.

Did the fearless Bushell stand by his article? Not a bit of it. Last Tuesday's Bushell column included a grovelling item headed "Sorry Salman", in which our Gal admitted that Rushdie had been "rightly offended" by the comparison with Blake. "Treachery is far more serious than speaking your mind, which is all Salman has ever done," he feebly concluded.

PS: Bushell's column has a regular spot called "Garry's Goof", in which readers send in Colmanballs-style quotes. Perhaps he might also use it to record his own blunders. On the very day he apologised to Rushdie, Bushell claimed that Inspector Morse was much better than Poirot. "When," he angrily demanded, "will writer Colin Baxter get the recognition Agatha Christie and Ruth Rendell do?" Probably never, Garry: the author of *Morse* is called Colin Dexter.

"I'm suffering from broom-lag"

O.B.N.

THE passing years improve Mrs Thatcher. Her vigour, vision and determination get stronger.

Her conference speech on Friday was superb. It combined humour with the authority of a renowned world statesman.

WOODROW WYATT
News of the World

THERE are only a few things that irritate me about Mrs Thatcher. One of them is the way that she is so ready to curtsey to foreign nobodies. She was at it again last week to, of all people, the Emir of Kuwait.

Mrs Thatcher is a hundred times the person that he will ever be. There is no way that she is his inferior, not in anything.

ROBERT KILROY-SILK
Daily Express

Submitted by Richard Madge & Jon Dodds, Alice Pitman.

£10 paid for all entries put forward for the Order of the Brown Nose.

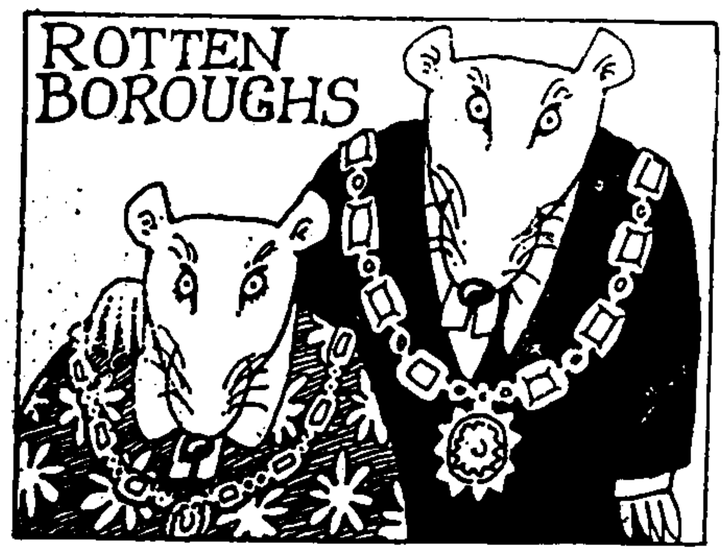
TRAVELLERS aboard British Airways jets travelling to destinations in Europe can scan the pages of *Business Life*, an in-flight magazine for business flyers in BA's Super Shuttle and Club Europe. The magazine is billed as "Europe's Magazine for Decision Makers" and promises "thoughtful analysis, not just of the grand European designs, but also of the pace of change as it affects business..."

In keeping with this worthy policy, the October edition includes an "exclusive interview" with a "billionaire publisher and risk-taker extraordinary." The "billionaire" concerned is Robert Maxwell (though the description is now out-of-date since his status has been downgraded to mere multi-millionaire by debt problems and the plummeting price of shares in his Maxwell Communications Corporation.)

HACKS WERE appalled recently when they overhead the lascivious *Evening Standard* hack Peter Mackay making light of an affliction that had befallen his old *Daily Mail* colleague Nigel Dempster.

Mackay was standing in the bar of Scribes, in Northcliffe House, regaling a gaggle of hacks with the fact that Pratt-Dumpster has recently undergone an operation for haemorrhoids.

Could this be a reward for Dumpster's years of talking out of his backside? McHackey was not forthcoming.



BIRMINGHAM

A POLICE alsatian has bitten two children after social workers lost control of a dozen youngsters in one of Birmingham's main "child therapy" centres.

The police were called to Oakhill House in Harborne in the early hours after two children tried to steal a social worker's car. They were caught but in the ensuing row other children ran amok, climbed on to the roof and started hurling tiles and other missiles at staff.

The incident was the culmination of a series of similar "mini riots" at Oakhill House. The police had already been called in several times recently and were also fed up with the multitude of crimes being committed around the otherwise upmarket Harborne area.

The officers had few scruples about unleashing the dog when faced with yet another confrontation. Police have said publicly that they are furious with the home's incompetent management and have frequently criticised its staff. But much of the problem lies in chronic under-staffing and failure to replace people on sick leave. One senior manager at Oakhill has been on sick leave since August in what seems to be a political dispute involving the infamous Ivor Bell, a senior line manager.

Meanwhile two more child care workers have been suspended for alleged racism from the Cherry Garth children's home. Cherry Garth was the scene of another investigation into alleged child abuse last year.

Possibly the worst and most persistent problems, however, are at the Reservoir Road home where staff have actually refused to work with their charges. The new management there has been unable to keep control and police have had to intervene dozens of times to quell riots, with children climbing on roofs, and threatening neighbours.

The staff and children were moved en masse to another, empty home in nearby Sutton Road to give the local people some rest. The staff were still unable to control them and now the youngsters have been removed and dispersed to homes around the city.

That leaves eight Reservoir Road staff to preside over just two children.

BROMLEY

ATTEMPTS by the borough's Tory leaders to herald an exciting, new departure in municipal privatisation have backfired on government social security ministers.

Bromley, famed for its fare's fair party-pooping of 10 years ago, was singled out by the DSS for a radical scheme in which the management of old people's homes would be handed out to private firms. This would save the poll taxpayer a few quid and take the running of services out of the hands of strike-happy, donkey-jacketed council workers.

Bromley did its sums and worked out that savings of "up to a quarter of a million pounds" could be made. Tenders were put out, negotiations took place and contracts were awarded. But opposition Labour members were unimpressed. After carefully scrutinising the tender documents they discovered that some contracts were being handed to teams who were charging *more* than the current town hall unit.

After words with the district auditor, shame-faced council leaders admitted that the envisaged savings were the "result of a miscalculation" and that the new management system would cost an extra £80,000 per year for the next five years. Oh — and 119 members of staff have been sacked to make way for the largely new workforce.

Bromley residents with relatives at the homes have tried unsuccessfully to prise an explanation from staff who masterminded the botched plans. But town hall personnel have clammed up. They are strangely reluctant, for example, to let it be known that the Sheila Stead home is now being run by one Colin Corthine — until recently a transport manager with Bromley's social services department.

MANCHESTER

FOLLOWING the city's failure to land the Olympic games, the myriad of secret deals between the Labour-run council and the powerful network of companies run by reclusive Isle-of-Man millionaire John Whittaker (*Eye* 750) could at last take effect.

Had Manchester's bid been successful the games would have been staged on land owned by the Whittaker-controlled Manchester Ship Canal company. Remarkably, only a few days after the Olympic decision was made, Whittaker closed another of his companies in the area — Peel Homes, which Manchester city council had hoped would build houses locally. (Peel Homes is a subsidiary of Peel Holdings — assets: £750 million).

The news came amid shock rumours that Whittaker had suffered a heart attack and Peel Holdings has now pledged to concentrate its activities on property investment and development rather than house building, according to a company spokesman.

This was not the kind of news Manchester wanted to hear. Two years ago the council handed control of the ship canal to Whittaker in exchange for the latter's help in regenerating desolate areas of east Manchester. With its infamous deck-access slum flats in Ardwick and Hulme crumbling away, East Manchester had emerged as prime site for new housing.

EAST STAFFORDSHIRE

THE Home Office's on-off plans to build a prison at Marchington Camp, near Uttoxeter, appear to be back on — but at enormous cost to the taxpayer.

Whitehall has decided to put up £500,000 to buy back the 102-acre site from the local gliding club having previously sold it the land in 1983 for a mere £82.000!

On top of the huge land deal loss the Government will also have to stump up much of the cost of bringing the local infrastructure up to scratch so that convoys of prisoners, supplies and presumably escapees, can have easy access.

Once the roads and other services have been built the land adjacent to the prison site will, of course, be ripe for further development — namely new housing — much to the joy of the landowner, our old friend Jimmy Leavesley, whose Marchington Properties has enjoyed a long and intimate relationship with East Staffs council (see *Eyes passim*).

IN THE COURTS

FOLLOWING recent reports about him in the *Eye*, the journalist Wilfred De'Ath has been arrested and charged under Section 1 (1) of the Theft Act with dishonestly obtaining services from various hotels.

His case will be heard at Chipping Norton Magistrates' Court on 27 November.

ARMS NEWS

THE Department of Trade and Industry and the Export Guarantee Office face embarrassing questions over British dealings with Liberia and the bloody regime of former mass-murderer Samuel Doe.

The saga involves a company called United Scientific Instruments, a subsidiary of United Scientific Holdings, and a top-level job swop in which the former chief executive of United Scientific Holdings, Sir Peter Levene, took over the directorship of Ministry of Defence Procurement, with responsibility for overseeing government defence contracts, while the MoD's retiring head, Sir Frank Cooper, became chairman of United Scientific.

In August last year the subsidiary was involved in serious negotiations to sell Liberia's late dictator military supplies, including Scorpion armoured vehicles, aircraft and other items worth around $60 million. As President Doe had written: "The military equipment is required urgently by the Government of the Republic of Liberia and you are requested to give this your highest priority".

Payment was to be settled in an unusual way. United wanted the exclusive rights to manage a timber concession in Liberia, no doubt hoping to diversify away from the diminishing arms market. This concession was to run for the time it would take Liberia to complete the purchase of the weapons and the project was to last five years.

United, not altogether sure that the project would meet with British Government approval, managed to persuade the Liberians to come up with $8.2 million to pre-finance the deal. But it need not have worried. United *did* get the Export Guarantee Office to underwrite the transaction with the Department of Trade and Industry's approval.

Liberia's political instability in fact meant the contract fell through. But there are serious questions left unanswered.

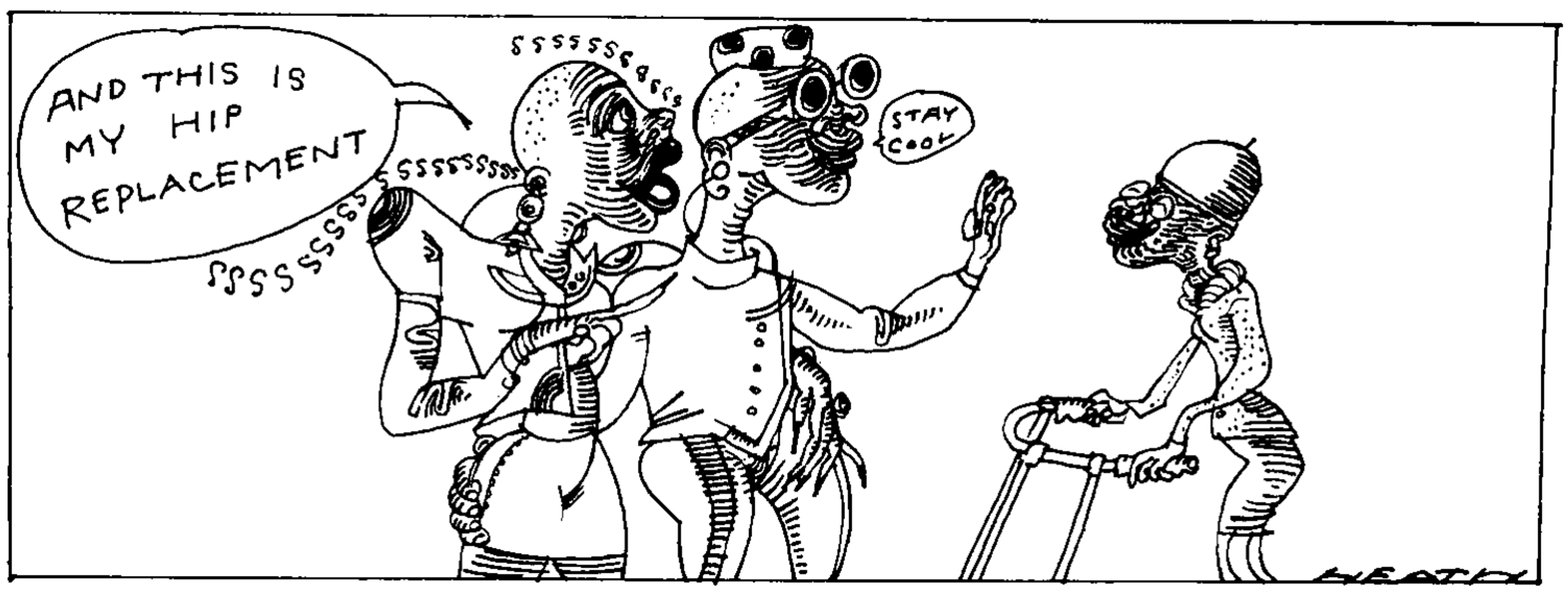
Why did the Exports Guarantee Office commit taxpayers' money to a project in a regime as unstable and bloody as Liberia's with its appalling record on human rights violations? And why did the DTI approve the transaction in the first place?

QUESTION: Why are our boys in the Gulf still sweltering in khaki and green battle-dress uniforms when there isn't a blade of grass in sight?

ANSWER: Because four years ago the Ministry of Defence sold off tens of thousands of "redundant" sand-coloured desert battle-dress uniforms to — you guessed it — the Iraqi army.

NUMERO UNO

MICHAEL HEATH



Grovel

● *TUNING IN excitedly for the first programme in a new series of Hard News, I am distressed to see that there is no sign of the show's most talented and beautiful reporter, Ms Michal Levin. I immediately ring the Hard News production company to check that she has not fallen victim to some unpleasant illness.*

No, it seems she is in rude health, but has merely been "absent from the office". However, I am delighted to report that she returned to her desk on Monday this week and will soon be gracing our screens again.

Ms Levin's return to work provoked general celebrations among the programme's staff. So popular is she with her colleagues, indeed, that they have composed some affectionate nicknames for her. These include "Black Haired Popular Person" and "Well Thought of Ivy".

DEAR Marco Pierre-White, chef-patron of Harvey's Restaurant in Wandsworth, south London, has come up with a novel method to keep discipline in his kitchen.

According to the 28-year-old Bob Geldof lookalike: "It's the bollockings which make the food good at Harvey's." And to ensure his status as number-one male, Marco has apparently taken to removing his organ from his trousers while he is cooking. I am told on good authority that there is nothing *nouvelle cuisine* about the size of his portions...

WATCHING TV-am's dreadful *Breakfast Time*, I am amused to see *Sunset Times* editor Andrew Neill earning an extra shekel or two by reviewing the morning papers.

Towards the end of the item, he turned to the centre pages of a tabloid newspaper which showed a dusky model disporting herself. In his dry way, Neill suggested that the girl seemed vaguely familiar, though he couldn't recall her name. It was, of course, Pamella Bordes, the notorious House of Commons research assistant.

Neill mischievously invited TV-am's viewers to identify the girl. "Answers on a postcard, please," he said "...to Donald Trelford, *The Observer*, Queenstown Road, Battersea..."

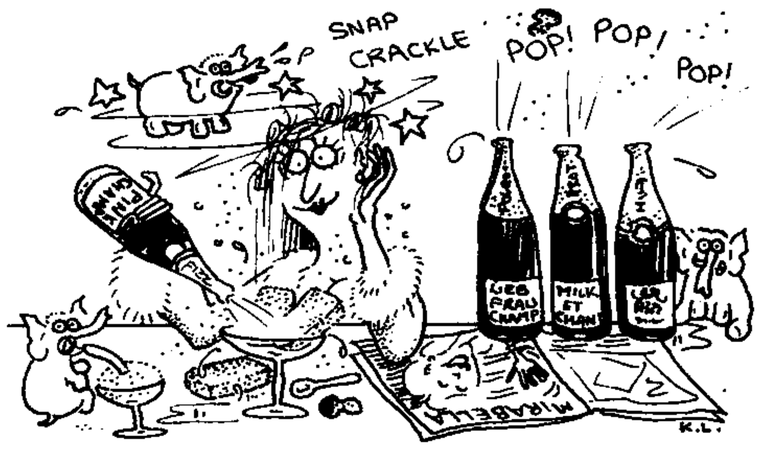
This was most unfair as Donald Trelford is too busy editing his paper to appear on breakfast television to defend himself.

"I would have passed my history exam – but I got the date wrong"

Pseuds Corner

I last met Alberto Moravia in Treviso a couple of years ago. We dined together and quoted Petronius at each other. He was meagre of body but, as always, rich in mind. We had previously appeared, with Günter Grass, on a French television programme as representatives of our respective cultures.

ANTHONY BURGESS
The Independent



Ms White, the editor of Mirabella, described an interview with Campaign conducted at a black desk. During the interview, she said, one grey hair fell on to its shiny surface. This had to be part of the mature Mirabella act, since she is only 32.

That morning, she said, she had woken up at 7.15 a.m. longing for a bowl of Weetabix. But there were only three bottles of champagne in the fridge. Surely real New Agers know about milkmen?

The Independent

Students think that they'll get a more interesting approach to art. At Sussex you don't just study Bellini, you study why Bellini wasn't a woman.

ANNE SOMERS COCKS
Independent on Sunday

It is evening in Rome. Noelene [Hogan] and Fran enter a rooftop restaurant. The waiters' eyes flash their greetings. Down over the hill a dusky haze settles over the dome of San Pietro's basilica, where St Peter is said to have suffered martyrdom. In a sense, some might believe that Noelene, too, gave up life for a cause she believed in, a cause called Paul Hogan.

RICHARD SHEARS
You Magazine

Her [Karen Finley's] images now cover a vast number of subjects but her father's shadow falls over all of them. She had been influenced by the punk music scene and recent body art. She put melons in her bra and uses sprouts to symbolise sperm. "I am more than a hole," she screams and tells her audience, "I woke up smelling the flowered, flannelled sheets of my dog's urine." Her "landscape" is not beautiful nature, she says, but the homeless in Grand Central Station and the children dying of Aids in hospital. She sees herself as "standing ever ready as an artist warrior to bring the message of social thought".

W.J. WEATHERBY
Guardian

In this chapter I shall use my paradigm of human temporalities to define more precisely the structure of human time and the structure of consciousness. I will be using criticism to fuse fiction with psychobiology, neuropsychology, neurosociology, neurolinguistics, and chronosophy (the study of time), much as Fowles, more recklessly, brings novelist into violent confrontation with neurologist and cuckoo clock in *Mantissa*.

H.W. FAWKNER
The Timescapes of John Fowles

CONTRIBUTORS: Rita Dempsey, J.C. Lofts, John C. Armitage, Tim Hopkins, Tony Goodall, Simon Anholt.

£10 paid for entries

MY DEAR friend Frank Bough does choose some odd lunch partners. Despite being exposed in the *News of the Screws* some years ago for unusual practices, Bough was seen lunching recently with Paul Conew, deputy-editor of the *Screws*. Conew was the man who fingered Bough in the first place and it was he who ghosted Bough's confession. How very forgiving Uncle Frank is...

I DO WISH my friend Harold Pinter had been left to celebrate his 60th birthday in peace and quiet, but I notice that his controversial political persona has inspired an unpleasant passage in Philip Roth's vaguely autobiographical novel *Deception*.

The novel is written entirely in the form of dialogue between a male American author living in London and his female lover, and on page 87 there is a passage where the man recalls an encounter with "some genius 'batting on', as you say, about the sainted Sandinistas. And about the torture chambers the US supports in El Salvador, Chile and Guatemala."

The male character in *Deception* explains how he challenged the "genius" by asking whether it was "as reprehensible for Nicaragua to be allied to a country where people are imprisoned and tortured for their ideas (ie Cuba) as it is for the US to be allied to such a country?"

The genius then replied by shrieking: "Your president is going to blow up the world! What are *you* doing to stop him? What about your blacks? What are *you* doing for your blacks?"

"Where were you having dinner, in a pre-school nursery?" asks the woman.

"No, no, London's highest literary circles, my dear," answers the man.

I HEAR that Frank Muir's son-in-law, Geoffrey Wheatcroft, was the author of the *Daily Telegraph*'s recent obituary of A.J.P. Taylor. This obituary has excited some comment because of its gratuitous (though entirely justified) attack on Hugh Trevor-Roper, aka Lord Dacre of Hitlerdiaries, who was described as a "now discredited" historian.

When he saw that an unseen hand at the *Telegraph* had inserted this abusive epithet into his copy, Wheatcroft exploded with rage. He has spent years oiling up to Lord Dacre, fawning over him whenever he sees him in the Beefsteak Club. Suddenly he saw all his Arslikhan coming to nothing. He hurriedly dispatched a letter to Trevor-Roper explaining that he was not responsible for the insult and he was demanding a full inquiry at the *Telegraph*.

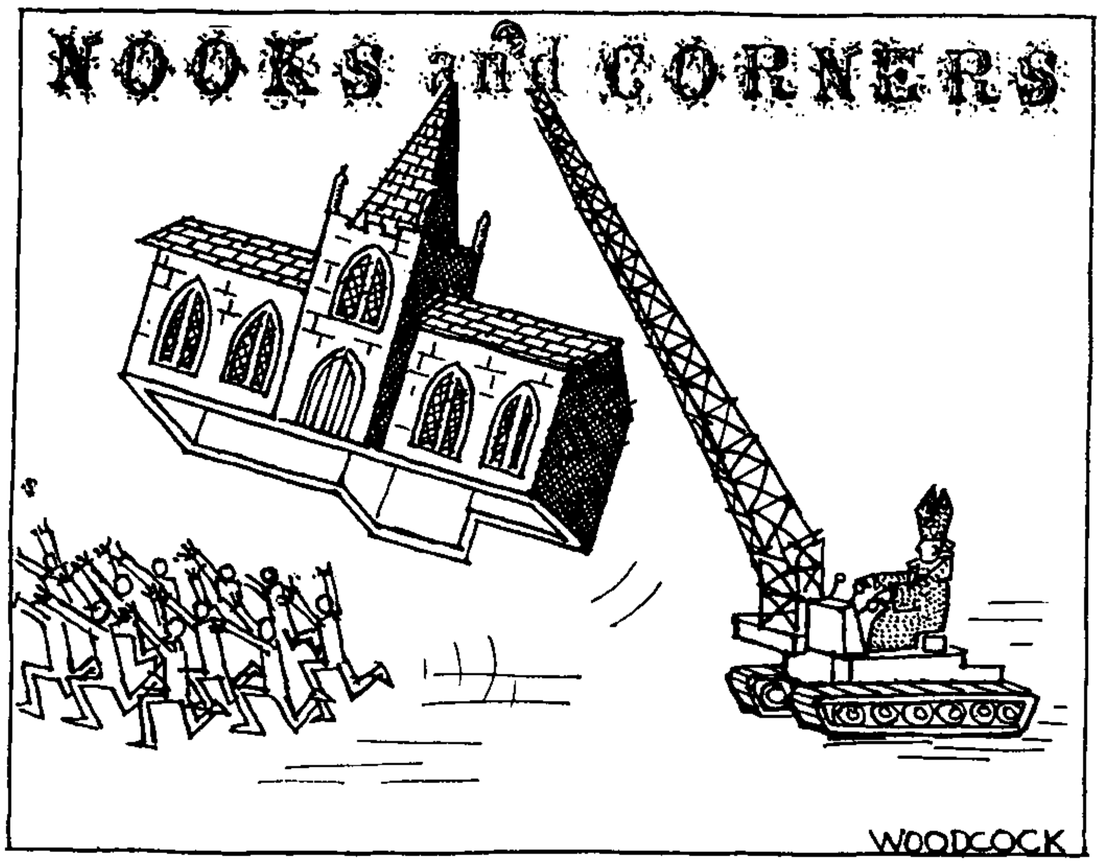
Over in the Isle of Dogs, obituaries editor Hugh Montgomery-Massivesnob has told his superiors that he takes full responsibility for the sabotage, even though he did not do it himself. He loyally refused to identify the culprit.

It was, I can reveal, his latest recruit to the obits staff, one Claudia Fitzherbert. As the grand-daughter of Evelyn Waugh, she has inherited her family's loathing of Trevor-Roper (a feud whose origins are lost in the fog of history). But she also has good cause to dislike Wheatcroft, who wrote an extremely distasteful chapter in his recent book *Absent Friends* about her late mother, Margaret Fitzherbert.

I trust Max Hastings will promote this admirable woman forthwith.

● *TO THE SUMPTUOUS offices of my old friend Mohammed Fayed for luncheon. Whilst there I avail myself of the great man's toilet facilities and am most impressed by his sumptuous bathroom, particularly the beautifully inscribed legend on the lavatory seat: "I shit on Tiny Rowland."*

Pip Pip!



"IT WAS a bright Saturday in September when we started to strip the church... There was a little bit of diffidence as we prepared to tear out the first pew. But Les Black, a burly ex-navy man, stepped forward and heaved away a massive pew and with a groan it broke away from the wooden floor, and it was carried to the waiting lorry. It wasn't an easy task for those who had had long associations with the church, but we all knew that it was a job that had to be done. There could be no progress without the removal of the old... 'Sacrilege!' cried a man to Tony as he and a few others staggered out with the Holy Communion table. 'How could they do this to our church!'..."

So began the "renewal" of "St Nic's", Durham, in 1980 as described by its then incumbent, the Rev George Carey, well-known Arsenal supporter and Archbishop-elect of Canterbury. It may well be that Bishop Carey is the only man who can save the poor old Church of England — the election of Old Etonian Archbishop Habgood, would probably have killed off the moribund church altogether and the Anglo-Catholics are likely to be driven out anyway by the women priest issue. With the evangelicals in charge, a revival might just be possible. But the future for Anglican churches is grim.

George Carey's book, *The Church in the Market Place*, should be compulsory reading for any ecclesiologist. In it, Our George describes the parochial and financial problems involved as "the church plant was renewed" (yes, he really does use that word). Out went all the old woodwork; in came bright, cheerful carpets, a shop and new furniture, not facing the old altar, of course, but grouped cosily around the north wall so that the worshipping community could feel more together.

Mistakes were made: the main one being to employ Ronald Sims as architect — that former partner of the late George Pace who can only produce pale, mediocre imitations of his master's style. His genius is spending lots of money on making renewed interiors look cheap and nasty. "...Ronald cleared his throat and looked uncomfortably around. 'I am very sorry to have to tell you that I have very bad news for you... The fact of the matter is that because of soaring costs the lowest estimate is £373,000 and the highest is £463,000. This came as a major shock to me. I had no idea.' We were devastated..."

Sims's original estimate for ruining this "drab Victorian building" was £220,000. In the event, despite economies like abandoning the architect's grotesque false ceiling, the total cost came to over £300,000. To be fair, it is most impressive that George and his parish managed to raise this colossal sum. It also might seem reassuring that the future Archbishop of Canterbury recognises that "no one church can possibly meet the spiritual needs of all people. There are going to be people whose way into the Christian faith will be through the kind of images of life provoked by places like [Durham] Cathedral. St Nicholas's with its warmth and informal style has its place within the wide spectrum of the Christian family and we must not worry if not every Christian is going to find it the most congenial place to worship."

But will there be any choice in the future? With George at Canterbury, yet more parishes will go evangelical and want to rearrange their drab old church plants for handwaving, clapping, guitar-led, coffee-swilling, charismatic worship.

Out will go the pews, the screens, the altars and everything that makes churches interesting; in will come rolls and rolls of carpet to make the community's worship centre as comfortable as a suburban lounge. And such parishes deeply resent outside interference. The Church of England is ceasing to be the established church, conscious of being the guardian of venerable and beautiful buildings that belong to the whole nation; instead it is becoming a closed sect, answerable only to its own immediate perceived parochial needs.

And it is no good relying on the church's own internal system of aesthetic control, for the evangelicals have little respect for that. In the case of St Nic's, the diocesan advisory committee reluctantly agreed to the proposed iconoclasm as the members assumed that George had the support of the whole parish. And George clearly had no time for the DAC's worries, or for its function: "Our biggest sorrow was the limited vision of the DAC who... failed to appreciate the vision and enterprise of a congregation who were embarking upon a most radical experiment in ministry." Besides, DACs can always be packed by a bishop to make them more malleable. As our future archbishop has written: "Somehow we had to get people to realise fully that the building itself was not the important thing."

The message could not be clearer. So, for those of us who do care about buildings, there can now be only one answer: churches must be treated no differently from secular buildings and brought fully under normal planning and listed building control. As I have said so many times, *ecclesiastical exemption must go*!

'Piloti'

NORMAN WEST, a Euro-MP from Barnsley and pal of Arthur Scargill, was used by the miners' president to hide more than £1 million of NUM money during the *Daily Mirror*/*Cook Report* investigation into Scargill's financial genius.

He was enticed into the balding one's web last summer when Scargill and his glove puppet deputy Peter Heathfield panicked after hearing that former chief executive Roger Windsor was blowing the whistle to the *Mirror*. Heathfield was recalled from holiday and the trio hotfooted it to Austria to switch bank accounts from Dublin to Vienna.

That money was cash donated by the Soviet miners and other Eastern bloc workers and was meant for the starving British miners and their families during the year-long strike.

A fortune was also hidden in a spurious "Miners' Action Committee" account in Dublin controlled by Scargill's friend Jean McCrindle, former treasurer of the Sheffield Women's Action Group (SWAG). She is also a lecturer at the Northern College, Barnsley, and was until recently a would-be Labour MP. For some reason she dropped her interest although nominated for a northern seat. Her decision to withdraw was made at the height of the Scargill affair. Like her idol, Scargill, McCrindle is also prone to sudden bouts of sickness during delicate investigations.

She assisted in deceiving the NUM executive and its members. Minutes of the NUM dated 1985 show that all monies left over in the women's support groups after the collapse of the 1984/85 coal strike had been handed over to the Miners' Solidarity Fund.

It was not. On Scargill's instructions, McCrindle's accounts were also closed and switched to avoid the cynical gaze of investigators with suspicious minds.

West, who owes his Euro-job to the NUM's patronage, got into a sweat when the mire started to hit the fan this year. He wrote to Scargill on 1 July asking why Scargill had deposited £249,998.48 in his Vienna account without first having the common courtesy to inform him. This money was deposited on 11 December 1989, so why it took seven months for West to notice it is a little mystery in itself.

The accounts in the Bank fur Arbeit und Wirtschaft (BAWAG) were numbered 10051-065-560 and 10051-065-579. Co-signatory with West is Scargill's French chum Alain Simon, general-secretary of the International Miners' Organisation (President: A. Scargill).

BAWAG refused, on its client's instructions, to cooperate with Gavin Lightman QC, when he investigated the *Mirror* and *Cook Report* revelations. This was surprising given that the NUM paid Lightman and his intrepid team more than £200,000 to probe the shabby affair. Had BAWAG cooperated, Lightman would have discovered that West and Simon had banked £1,000,000 on 4 August 1989 and that, with interest, this money had soared to £1,099,888.05 by June 20 this year.

The second Vienna account is just as interesting. A hitherto unknown "International Miners' Fund" generously jumped in to pay West and Simon £300,000 on 7 August 1989. On the same day the pair posted £300,751.39 to SWAG c/o the Co-op Bank in Sheffield. On 11 December the £249,999.48 already referred to arrived from a Barclays Bank account. West has written to Scargill saying he has "no knowledge" of this Barclays account and has demanded a full explanation.

Coincidentally, 24 hours later on 12 December 1989 West and Simon posted £250,629.82 to SWAG at the Sheffield Co-op Bank (c/o Ms J. McCrindle). McCrindle, in other words, has been in control for the past year of at least £550,000 of NUM money, originally donated by Russians, although Scargill constantly denied for five years that any cash was sent by the Soviets.

It is just possible, of course, that Scargill has been hastily repaying some of his union's debts with that money now that the cat is finally out of the bag. But if he has, no evidence appears to be forthcoming. McCrindle and West, meanwhile, maintain a deathly but loyal silence to protect their master and his booty.

McCrindle emerged briefly from hiding to tell the gullible *Guardian*'s women's page that she is proud of her role in helping to "politicize" the wives of the miners. The word "conned" might be more appropriate.

'Blackleg'

EYE TV

The 1990 Booker Prize (BBC2)

—— Books (C4) ——

DURING the BBC's coverage of this year's Booker Prize presentation, the camera picked out the sanctimonious, manically arrogant, self-satisfied, creepily beaming features of Mr Kenneth Baker who, in his official party role of The Modern Tory Who Has Read A Book, had been invited to the Guildhall. And the odd thing was that Baker suddenly looked quite humble and self-effacing.

This was, you understand, by comparison. The comparison was with Dr Eric Griffiths of Trinity Cambridge, who had just been part of a panel — with Germaine Greer and Maggie Gee — discussing the six shortlisted books. However sanctimonious, manically arrogant, self-satisfied and creepily beaming the Tory Party chairman may be, he is, one realised, a novice in these qualities alongside Dr Griffiths.

Dr Griffiths' hair — a soccer player's short-spike style which, like his (sometimes tinted) shades, is a doomed tilt at trendiness — lacks the oiliness of Mr Baker's but he is equally oleaginous everywhere else. The two men share a mind-set which involves the concept of true believers and heretics among their followers (Griffiths' dismissiveness towards students who refuse to buy his line is well known). Both speak on a sustained note of amused incredulity at other opinions in existence. Griffiths clearly has plans to be the Leavis of the TV age. One's attitude towards this ambition would depend on whether or not one thinks that F.R. Leavis was a twisted little shit with a grudge against creative writers.

Griffiths depends on the frequent Oxbridge dons' trick of combining perverse opinions with personal insult, these qualities then combined with the body-language of a man suffering simultaneously from piles, lice and sciatica. The grimaces, scratching and shifting in the seat are intended to create a reputation for critical rigour and intellectual incorruptibility.

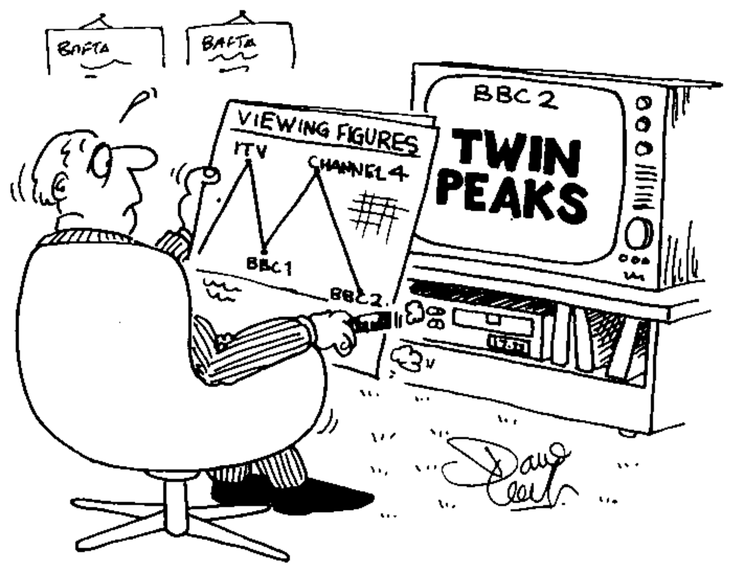
Well, judge for yourself. Here is Griffiths on the heroine of Penelope Fitzgerald's shortlisted novel *The Gate of Angels*: "This woman is called Daisy and she enters the book on a bicycle... and we all know about Daisies and bicycles and that's about how real she is..." Maggie Gee, who has perhaps seen more of the real world, reasonably objected: "There are women called Daisy who ride bicycles..." But Griffiths was ready for this piffling literalism: "There are indeed! But that doesn't make them believable in novels, I think, does it?" It would be interesting to see his reaction if an appointments board turned him down on the grounds that a professor called Eric was too incredible. But they would merely be following in the Great Tradition of his own criticism.

All his techniques were on show in the programme. Brian Moore's shallow, drably written *Lies of Silence* — the only one of the six books Griffiths found tolerable — would not have pleased "Valery, who was very snooty about novels", but, despite this, Dr Griffiths would "try to say something simple about why it is so good." This assessment typically combined tangential French pretension with a weary acknowledgement that Griffiths must talk down to the moronic TV audience. *Possession* — soon to be revealed as the judges' choice — was exposed as "the kind of novel I'd write if I was foolish enough not to know that I couldn't write a novel..." This sentiment was clearly Griffiths' tilt at humility.

Selina Scott's famous question to Angela Carter, one of the judges — "And you've actually read all those books?" — was generally regarded as the low point of the Booker on television but Griffiths has now matched it. The suggestion that there's actually no point in anyone reading the books is an equivalent philistinism, which lacks the sweet naivety behind Salina's.

So how did this happen? After the Scott cock-up, the BBC lost the Booker coverage to Melvyn Bragg and Channel 4. The advent of *The Late Show* on BBC2, however, allowed the corporation to screen the event again (the Booker show is a *Late Show Special*). *The Late Show* — whose producers include many former Griffiths students — believed that discussion of books on television tended towards a North London caucus endorsing each other.

There is certainly some truth in this. On the night after the Booker, for example, the new Melvyn Bragg-produced show *Books* bowed in on Channel 4. In a respectable enough discussion of biographies, two of the participants (Margaret Forster and Claire Tomalin) actually live in the same road in Kentish Town and everyone first-named and praised each other.



The problem is what *The Late Show* replaced it with. Last year, it was Howard Jacobson, whose best novel is a study of literary envy, settling scores with his enemies. This year, it was Griffiths. Books are "disasters" or "very, very badly written." No evidence is ever produced. Every text is saddled to the hobby horse of one of the panellists. *Possession* has two central characters; one male, one female. Germaine Greer felt the book would have been better without the man in it.

'Square Eyes'

I-SKY

Mrs Simpson Maggie

PREMIER Margaret Thatcher sported a new hairstyle yesterday at a UN meeting in New York — and the inspiration seemed to be Britain's newest TV cult. She now bears more than a passing resemblance to Marge Simpson on Sky's hit show, The Simpsons.

Today

CONTRIBUTOR: Ann Gander.

An occasional column for which readers are invited to submit Sky-plugs masquerading as news items in Murdoch papers. The usual £10 will be paid.

MEDIA NEWS

DELIGHTFUL to see Jeffrey Archer squirming on Clive Anderson's show when grilled about plagiarizing a short story for his last collection, *A Twist In The Tale* (you read it first in *Eye* 727).

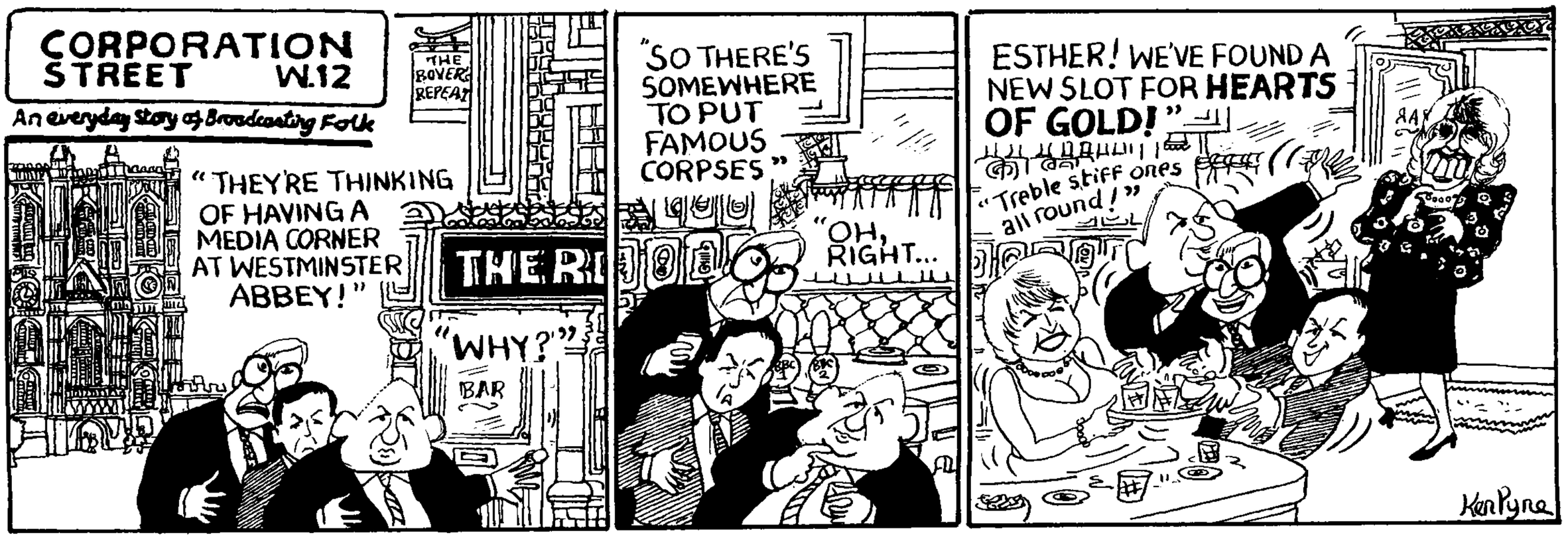
Jeffrey had a major tantrum after the recording, threatening to sue the show and shouting at anyone who would listen that he had been treated disgracefully. (Not half as bad, one might think, as Kathleen Burnett from whom he nicked the story.)

Nothing happened, of course, except that the programme went out and Archer looked an idiot. Sadly, viewers were *not* treated to one section of the interview in which Archer's Oxford career was discussed. The suggestion by Anderson that Jeffrey had not been an undergraduate at Brasenose College for three years made Archer furious. Having been at a teacher training college for one year and then done some sort of "research" largely involving athletics on the strength of this for another two, he is notoriously sensitive.

Could the public not be treated to his further squirming in future episodes?

Michal Levin

ON 5 January, we published an item in the "Media News" column concerning Michal Levin, the reporter on the *Hard News* television programme. In the course of that item it was suggested that the staff on that programme were so in despair at working with Miss Levin that there had been a mass exodus from it and as a result doubts had arisen as to whether the programme would reappear. We now recognise that these allegations were not true. At the end of its last series a number of staff did leave the programme, but this was either because they wished to take up job offers elsewhere or because their contracts were not renewed. We apologise unreservedly to Miss Levin and she has agreed to accept a suitable sum by way of damages and her costs in full.


CORPORATION STREET W.12
An everyday story of Broadcasting Folk
THE BOVERS REPEAT
"THEY'RE THINKING OF HAVING A MEDIA CORNER AT WESTMINSTER ABBEY!"
"WHY?"
BAR
"SO THERE'S SOMEWHERE TO PUT FAMOUS CORPSES"
"OH, RIGHT..."
ESTHER! WE'VE FOUND A NEW SLOT FOR HEARTS OF GOLD!"
"Treble stiff ones all round!"
Ken Pyne

LIFE AT the Digger's ailing Sky TV has gone from bad to worse to catastrophic. Programmes are being cut from the schedules with a ruthlessness verging on hysteria as the cash dries up.

Saturday Night Live, the flagship light entertainment show pencilled in for a 52-week run of two-hour extravaganzas, has been axed after its second show. There are to be just three more at 90 minutes each. Staff have been told that their 26-week contracts will not be honoured and are consulting en masse Messrs Sue, Grabbit and Runne.

Frank Bough Investigates (*FBI* for short) has been axed completely and Bough has been booted out; *Target*, the "prestige" daily current affairs show with Norman Tebbit and Austin Mitchell, has been cut from five weekly airings to one; *The Editors*, in which learned Fleet Street editors engage in meaningful and enlightened discussion has mercifully been abandoned altogether; and *Chris Tarrant's Secret Video Show*, a ghastly vehicle for members of the public to broadcast their home videos, is in such a bad way that a memo has been sent to all Sky staff begging them to make their own home videos and send them in pronto.

Behind the scenes matters are even worse. No rubbish has been collected for two weeks because the contractors have not been paid. No stationery is available until November, so staff are having to type new scripts on the backs of old ones, with predictably confusing results. All company taxi accounts have been cancelled and no taxis are available to Sky News, with the result that if journalists wish to lure an MP down for an interview they have to pay the fare themselves. Outside broadcast coverage has also been severely curtailed, so news events like the Stonehenge IRA arrest are deemed too far away to be covered.

A SERIES of remarkable coincidences has been brought to the *Eye*'s attention.

Granada Television's *World in Action* team decided to look into the career of David Hart, the right-wing former bankrupt and great personal friend of Mrs Thatcher (see *Eyes passim*).

Hart went to see Peter Carter-Fuck and Partners, the famous firm of solicitors, where Hart spoke to junior partner Andrew Pepper.

Carter-Fuck and Partners hired a private detective at a fee of £1,200, plus £100 a day.

One Granada journalist has had his car broken into. Another has had his flat burgled. And the offices of *World in Action* in Manchester have been broken into for the first time ever.

Inspector Knacker has been alerted.

HACKS in the BBC's television newsroom have been ordered not to move about during the *Nine O'Clock News* because their shadowy figures "distract the viewers".

The brilliantly-original idea of installing the newsreader's desk in the middle of a "busy" newsroom was that of Mark Thompson, the 31-year-old whizzkid put in charge of the *Nine O'Clock News* a couple of years ago. An enormous "set" was installed at a cost of half a million pounds and hacks found themselves banned from talking, using the telephone or switching on their computer screens during broadcasts. Uniformed BBC jobsworths were posted each night to ensure no drunks invaded the place from Television Centre's busy bar beneath the newsroom. (These commissionaires can sometimes be seen wandering across the set at the end of the show, giving the impression that the country has suffered a *coup d'état* and the Ruritanian National Guard has taken over the TV station.)

Now Peter Bell, the designer-stubbled, memo-writing sidekick of Tony "Head Prefect" Hall, editor of television news, has sent his staff a stern computer message: "BBC staff seen walking behind the presenter during live transmissions of the Nine O'Clock News are the source of continued (and understandable) irritation to viewers. Please avoid creating an unnecessary distraction, and where possible, discourage others from doing so."

Weary of their masters' showbiz antics, angry hacks have retorted that the hijacking of their newsroom by overpaid news "presenters" such as Martyn Lewis is "the source of continued (and understandable) irritation" to the people who actually prepare and write the news stories. "What are we supposed to do next time there's an IRA bomb at about Nine O'Clock time — freeze until the millionaire star of the evening has finished his performance?" one hack asked last week.

What makes Bell's edict so ludicrous is that the whole idea of the new "set" was to show a working operation. If BBC chiefs don't want distractions in the background, there is a simple solution: send Martyn Lewis, along with his silly newsdesk and make-up box, back into the studio where he belongs.

THE TROUBLES of the Scottish Tory party now have a touch of the Watergate scandal about them following the latest attempts by the Michael Forsyth faithful to spy on a Young Conservative meeting.

Within hours of his appointment as Scottish Tory party chairman, Lord Wallpaper replaced all the locks Forsyth had fitted at the Chateau Dreadful HQ.

The loony right nevertheless decided to eavesdrop on a meeting of Young Tories in Edinburgh on behalf of the exiled Forsyth, now in charge of everything at the Scottish Office. However, police were alerted to the spying plan and lawyer Murdo Fraser, 25 — tipped as the next UK chairman of the Young Conservatives — was arrested along with two pouting 20-year-old lovelies.

They were caught shimmying up a wall outside the Edinburgh meeting of the arch enemy, the Young Tory Reform Group. Lord Wallpaper — aka Lord Sanderson — has asked the Edinburgh constabulary to drop charges on the grounds that the event was nothing more than "student high jinks".

LABOUR'S recent new policy document on the environment didn't cost out any of its plans and has surely lost the party the environmental vote (to the Liberals) by its failure to promise an end to the building of Sizewell and THORP, the thermal oxide reprocessing plant at Sellafield.

Why did Kinnock take this option when there are no votes in nuclear power? Perhaps because he believes such a policy does offer votes in the Sellafield area, represented by the MP John Cunningham.

Cunningham will organise the general election campaign and will not be able to spend too much time defending his seat, so he needs help. When Kinnock visited Sellafield he promised the workforce — without any trace of irony — that jobs would be as safe as the Bank of England under Labour. It did not impress them as he has also promised to phase out nuclear power. So he could lose both ways.

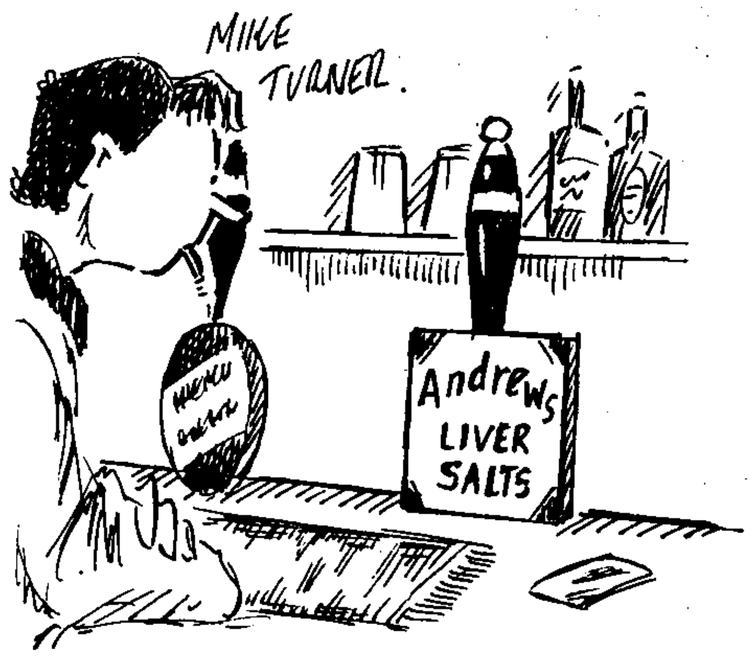
THE Government's wheeze to pack marginal Tory seats at the next general election with the votes of sun-tanned ex-pats (see *Eyes passim*) has taken a new, dubious turn.

Incredibly the Representation of the People Act 1989 gave votes to people who left this country when Macmillan was in power. A deadline for registration of the extra two million people enfranchised by the device was set at 10 October 1990.

"A substantial proportion [of overseas voters]," boasts this year's Tory conference handbook, "are estimated to be Conservative." But Tory bosses have been shocked by the so far dismal numbers of overseas registrations, despite the lavish attention paid by MPs, including the prime minister, to the buffers and blue-rinsers.

Now the closing date has been dramatically extended by the Home Office. Electoral registration officers have been told they can accept applications until at least 16 December — and some EROs have even been led to understand that entries will be taken right up to the general election.

'Backbiter'



CHARITY NEWS

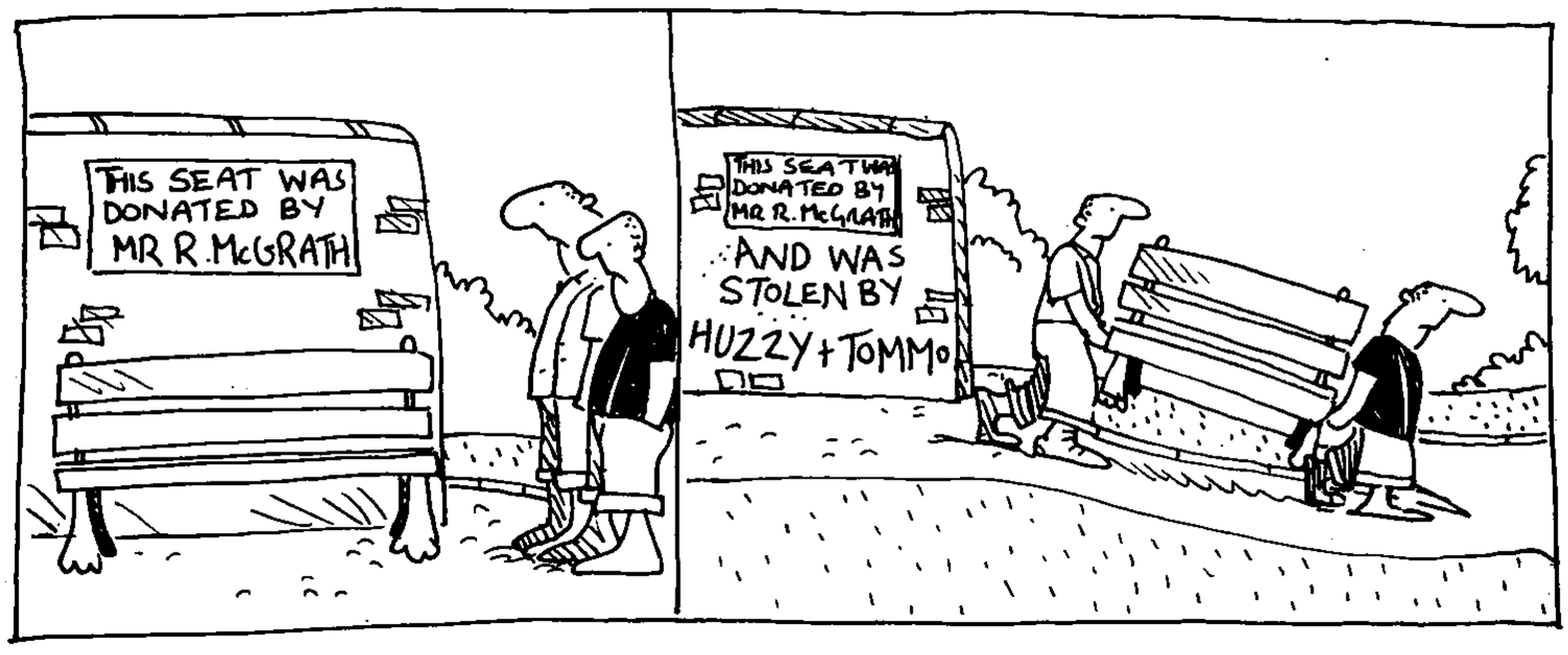
POLLY Peck's collapse is having repercussions in unusual places — not least at the Spastics Society, presided over by our old friend Ken Young (see *Eyes passim*).

Back in February a beaming Mr Young, the society's director, and Mr Nadir announced the creation of a new treatment centre for young adults with severe learning difficulties. Oak Tree was to be developed in Milton Keynes with a £5 million donation from the Nadir Health and Education Foundation and would also serve as an international training centre.

Since then, of course, dealing in Polly Peck shares has been suspended and the Serious Fraud Office has launched an investigation.

This leaves the Spastics Society £4.8 million out of pocket — it has received just £200,000 from Mr Nadir — and the plans for Oak Tree are gathering dust. The enterprising Ken Young should not, perhaps, hold his breath while waiting for the balance.

HUSBAND



DOWN ON THE FARM

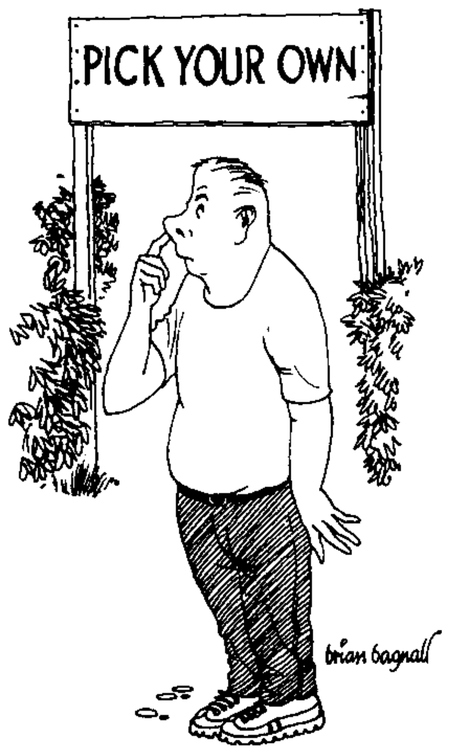
with 'Old Muckspreader'

"THE ENGLISH knacker's yards are a badge of the anarchic unregulated remnant of trade uncontrolled by commission directives," reports the official journal of the Belgium Empire. Yet plucky John Gummer says he has won a further five years of life for England's death yards.

Old Muck has such mixed feelings about the bogus inventions of false food hygiene mania, blended with the imperial ambitions of the European Commission, that even a small gesture of defiance from the feeble Min of Ag seems admirable.

The whole issue of animal waste disposal and processing is being designed as a cartel of the large "rendering" combines who successfully knock out competition from small independent outfits. The cost of the technology of this grim but prosperous market confines renderers to only a few large concentration camps for beasts. The knacker's yards have been subject to the amiable and rule-relaxing Min of Ag inspectorate for years, so the dignity of the department has been affronted by the dirty dagoes of the commission reporting fears of pet food entering the human food chain.

Helpfully, the Irish Republic has a more active lobby from its knackers to which subsidy commissioner Ray MacSharry will not be deaf. Old Muckspreader predicts careers will be preserved and fortunes made by elaborating regulatory distinctions between high risk carcasses — those who go to the knacker's yard because of a disease — and low risk carcasses — those who got run over by a tractor. Tractor accidents will duly soar among the livestock of England.



THE NICE, kind ecological Forestry Commission is apprehensive at the loss of its protector, Lord Sanderson of Bowden, who, as newly-appointed chairperson of the Scottish Conservative Party (see Eyes passim) has been demoted to the politician's equivalent of the knacker's yard.

Scottish Tories are as likely to flourish as the Forestry Commission, of course, and "Wallpaper", as he is known, reappointed the usual collection of tweeds and wellies to the commission and kept it immune from serious demands to explain either its finances or its poisoning of half of upland Scotland.

Meanwhile Michael Forsyth, the alert Scottish Tory member for Stirling and Wallpaper's predecessor, has promised revenge on Sanderson for dismissing his chums, the only talents in Scottish Conservative headquarters.

The result is that the Forestry Commission, a quangoid remnant of the efforts of Mr Asquith to grow enough railway sleepers and pit props to defeat the Kaiser, will meet its demise as a side effect of a squabble over a job neither man wanted.

SOMETHING is stirring in the sleepy National Consumer's Council, the watchdog normally too polite to criticise the organised crime of the common agricultural policy.

The council is now offering a penetrating study of the much loved Milk Marketing Board and has come up with the correct insight that dairy industries would do a great deal better if the boards were dissolved.

The Milk Marketing Board knows its days are numbered and seeks to turn itself into a caring sharing co-operative, retaining its Dairy Crest brand name. The NCC says this is too cosy. The five milk boards — Ulster has one; Scotland three; and England and Wales one — were set up when fascist economics was fashionable in 1933 and there was a statutory right to take milk from all dairy farmers.

The kulaks have accepted this tyranny for 50 years, only stirring themselves when the arithmetic of subsidies started to unravel. This is believed to be not unconnected to the EEC. The National Consumer's Council thinks the price of butter, cream and milk would fall if the market were allowed to operate, but the Min of Ag will fight for the RPI by screwing grocery prices further.

Sally Deedes

AFTER last issue's article on the exorbitant charges made by certain agencies to those trying to rent flats, a reader directed me to the almost unknown Accommodation Agencies Act 1953 which states it is "an offence to demand or accept payment of any sum of money in consideration of registering or undertaking to register the name or requirement of any person seeking the tenancy of a house".

When I telephoned, trading standards authorities and the Institution of Chartered Surveyors were at best vague on the subject or had never heard of the law. This is unfortunate since many of those the law was made to protect — the most vulnerable who cannot afford to buy and therefore rent — are not being properly advised.

PRISON NEWS

THE WOOLF inquiry into the Strangeways riots has not discussed a rather peculiar incident which took place after the last rioters came down from the roof (and after the telly cameras had all left).

It seems that for several days prison officers had been defecating into buckets. When the last batch of men came down they were treated to what the officers tastefully described as a "brown bath".

This seems to have stuck firmly in the minds of the prisoners and recently led to a rather nasty assault on one of the offending officers who had been moved to another prison. There was no charge after the assault for fear that the prisoner might blurt out his unpleasant experience.

READERS moved to tears by the *Mail on Sunday*'s recent picture of disgraced billionaire Gerald Ronson wiping down the tables at Ford open prison should dry their eyes.

The Garage King, serving a year for his part in the Guinness swindle, now has a new job in the prison offices where he has full use of the telephone and can carry on his business -- not only for the Heron Corporation but also, perhaps, as a fund-raising trustee of the Natural History Museum, a post he owes to the prime minster (see last *Eye*).

Whether prime ministerial connections have any bearing on Ronson's recent outing -- he was picked up by his chauffeur, taken to his private doctor to be checked "for stress", dropped off at home "between appointments" for an agreeable three-hour lunch and then returned to prison -- is unclear. But it does not seem to be the usual Tory line on making prison a punishment.

Perhaps sending felons home for lunch is a new government ruse to combat prison overcrowding...

Sporting Life

AMID the revelations of doping sagas, one note of light relief has come from the regular pronouncements of the Jockey Club's director of public affairs, Lieutenant Colonel David Pipe who, lest we forget, was PR man for the Ulster Defence Regiment in the era of Colin Wallace and Clockwork Orange.

On 1 October the Aga Khan's scientists demolished the Jockey Club's case over the Aliysa dope test. Two days later Pipe solemnly informed the press that the club's disciplinary committee was not "taking it lying down" and that it was "determined to get to the bottom of it."

This cliched phraseology was the cause of much below stairs tittering at Portman Square where childish eyebrows have been raised over the amount of time Pipe has spent this year with the Jockey Club's only female judge, the shapely and single Sandra Williams, aged 45. The couple were spotted together at Cheltenham on Gold Cup day, at Aintree on Grand National day and in the judges' box at York during the Ebor meeting.

The chaps at Portman Square seem to cling to the old fashioned notion that a gentleman does as he must but that a lady must take the consequences, because the unfortunate Ms Williams has since been carpeted by her employers for her supposed indiscretion while the bold Pipe, a married man and father of two, has escaped without censure.

He must be pretty keen because before the recent High Flyer sales at Newmarket he wrote a cosy note to the *Racing Post*'s Stud and Stable columnist, the scrubbed faced Sue Montgomery, inviting her to, as he put it, show him the form. It seems that Montgomery, herself the former wife of a *News of the World* editor, was wise enough to show him her blue puffa jacket but not a lot else.

In the meantime the colonel's honeyed words have not been enough to convince anyone that the Jockey Club will deal any more effectively with the real doping scandal than it has with the Aliysa affair. Twenty four hours after the dope tests on Norwich and Bravefoot were found to be positive, Pipe declared that the two incidents had come as "a considerable surprise". This suggests that the stewards haven't spent much time lately talking to officials of their own Racecourse Security Services. One of them was telling a journalist, on the same day as Pipe's statement, that RSS was convinced that the real brains behind the doping was a leading rails bookie based in Yorkshire who has already been investigated by RSS this year over suspicious betting patterns.

The problem with these episodes is that most Jockey Club members know next to nothing about bookmaking and gambling and their familiarity with villains barely extends beyond what they read in Dick Francis. Many still can't tell the difference between a Peter Easterby "trier", a Mick Easterby "non-trier" and a Jimmy Fitzgerald "unlucky in running". The bookie believed to be involved in both the Doncaster and Yarmouth incidents is as big a figure in the ring today as another now grey-haired bookmaking magnate was before Pinturischio was got at twice in 1961. But it has never been possible to nail that figure or connect him publicly with what happened. The smart money is currently betting that it will be the same story nearly 30 year on.

'Major Bonkers'

OIL NEWS

THE BIG oil companies, like the big banks, always deny that they collude with one another — especially on the hyper-sensitive price of crude.

Thus when one company announces a price rise there is always a tactful delay before another company does the same. This maintains the illusion that "market forces" are operating.

Anyone interested in how these market forces work in practice might write to Shell asking for an original copy of its private telephone directory, classified by the company as a "confidential document". It contains all the "hot line" numbers on the internal exchange but — strangely — until recently it also included a special number for ringing Britannic House, the headquarters of Shell's bitter rival, BP.

This was the only number included of any company not directly "associated" with Shell. The number — it's only two digits long — has now been removed after some unusual scenes at a high level in Shell but it still works.

As it is so short it must have been memorised by the People Who Matter.

Letters

Artmen of Harlech

Sir,

In your recent piece about the David Hockney portfolio under the heading "Art News" you referred to our company as Christies Contemporary Art. Our association with Christies ceased many years ago. We are now part of the Harlech Fine Art Group and are known as CCA Galleries.

Yours faithfully,
GERRY FARRELL,

Managing Director, CCA Galleries, London.

Mo letter blues

Sir,

Your issue of Private Eye on or about 27 August had an article about the artist David Hockney, a copy of which I have just received.

I was also mentioned and although much of the article seemed true some of the details were not.

Maurice (Mo) McDermott and I were married for ten years and it was never an open marriage. Mo did not have nor did he die of AIDS. I was with him when he died and I have the death certificate to confirm this fact.

Obviously both these statements make good reading but I was not the source of this misinformation and I would like a published correction.

It did not read as though it was your intention to slant me but people tend to believe what they read.

Thank you.

Yours faithfully,
LIZA LOMBARDI,

Los Angeles, Ca.

Confession

Sir,

Peter Halstead's plea for "historic accuracy" (Letters Eye 752) saying that Tomas de Torquemada was 100 percent Jewish is itself 100 percent balls. There is not a shred of evidence to suggest that the famed inquisitor was anything other than a believing Catholic.

It is known that he entered the Dominican order at the age of 14 (which must have been a big shock to his parents so soon after his barmitzvah) and was prior of the monastery of Segovia when he was 32.

His later career is a matter of record.

Yours faithfully,
MICHAEL SHAPIRO,

London NW4.

campaln

Contributor: E. Strobes.

All dismal advertising gratefully received. £10 paid for entries printed.

REJOICE! CHRISTMAS COMES TO HARRODS JOYFUL AND TRIUMPHANT IN A BLAZE OF CELESTIAL SPLENDOUR ✣ THIS YEAR, HARRODS IS BRIMMING WITH COMFORT AND JOY, OVERFLOWING WITH GRANDEUR AND GIFTS ✣ THIS IS THE GLORY OF CHRISTMAS ✣ DIVINE INSPIRATION IS DRAWN FROM RICH RENAISSANCE COLOURS ✣ THE SUMPTUOUS TEXTURES OF BROCADE, SILK AND VELVET COMBINE WITH LAVISH GILT ORNAMENT TO LEND AN AURA OF OPULENCE AND CELEBRATION TO THE FESTIVITIES ✣

LET THE GLORY OF CHRISTMAS RING OUT!

Fit of Piquet

Sir,

I hate to take issue with Mr Morrison, but since The European first appeared at the British Grand Prix on the Benetton Fords of Nelson Piquet and Alessandro Nannini, the team has scored more world championship points than at any time in its five-year history.

The appearance of The European also coincided with the team's adoption of the new Series IV Ford FI V8 engine.

Yours faithfully,
H.D. CARLTON,

Public Affairs Manager, Ford, Brentwood, Essex.

Me and MI

Sir,

I am sure many of your readers have been plagued with unsolicited phone calls from the M.I. Group. I personally have my telephone blocked with their verbal waste at least six times a month.

I was therefore interested to note in Eye 752 that Mr Clive Warburton (director of compliance) of the M.I. Group had surprisingly stood up to be counted in your letters section.

I would like to sell Mr Warburton something and would be grateful if any of your readers has his home telephone number.

Yours in anticipation,
CHRIS ROBINSON,

Bristol.

Call his bluff

Sir,

You say that one of the few good things in Robert Robinson's new book is his piece "B. Traven: A Mystery Solved." It was also one of the few good things in his 1982 book, The Dog Chairman, from which about 20 pieces have been reprinted unblushingly in his "new" collection. Greenpeace would applaud such recycling of old material.

Yours faithfully
BERNARD GRIFFITHS,

Betheaston, Bath.

Card games

Sir,

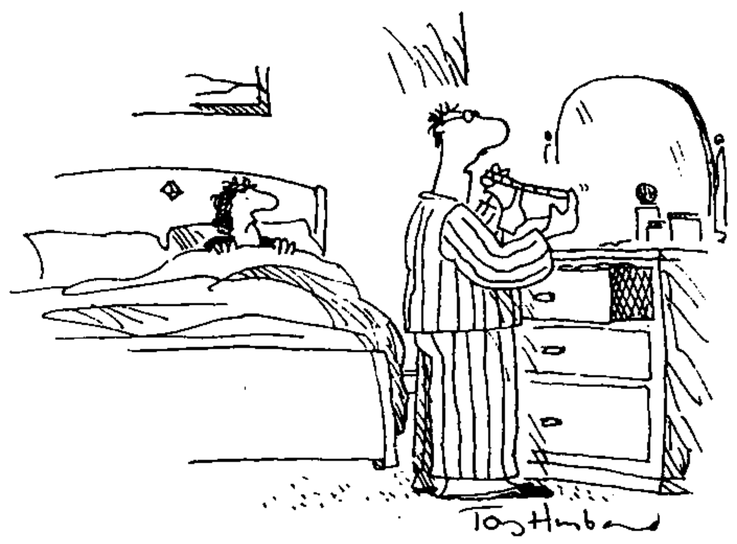
In the 14 September edition of Private Eye, Page 11, there is an item that suggests Hallmark is associated with the promotion of the newly-created Grandparents Day — in fact we have not been involved at all.

We have not made any Grandparents Day Cards in the UK, nor have we been involved in promoting them.

Our decision not to participate was based on the fact that grandparents only represent a percentage of our older citizens and they are already remembered with cards on their birthdays, anniversaries, Mothers Day, Fathers Day and at Christmas.

Yours faithfully,
S. SANDERS (MRS)

Public Relations Manager, Hallmark Cards Limited, Henley, Oxon.



"Ah well! Another day, another pair of underpants!"

NOW! Wash your hands please

Sir,

I was interested to learn from Channel 4's Check Out programme that ASDA's ecologically friendly loo paper is made from 100 percent recycled newspapers of British origin.

Have we finally found where the unsold copies of the European are going? I think we should be told.

Yours faithfully,
ANDREW WISE,

London SW6.

Knockers

Sir,

Don't knock Joanna Pearce (Grovel 14 Sep). She's a very talented actress as any who saw, for example, Way Up Stream would agree — and not just for the rather fetching way she took off her clothes at the end.

Best wishes.

Yours faithfully,
ROSALIND WHITLEY,

Rome.

Lookalike

Sir,

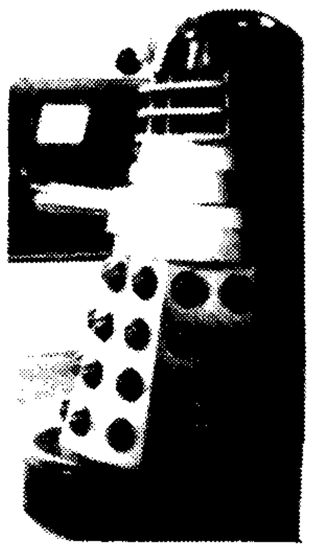
I wonder if any of your readers have noticed, as I have, the remarkable resemblance between the Daleks from "Dr Who" and the Iranian women's shooting team.

I wonder if by any chance they are related? I think we should be told.

Yours faithfully,
M.D. WHO,

London, SW11.

Dalek



Iranian women

I-SPY

Kowloon, Hong Kong

Submitted by Mike Springate. £10 paid for similar submissions. *(SAE required for return of photographs. No transparencies.)*

Sentence

Sir,

Regarding the safety of Gerald Ronson's position as a trustee of the Natural History Museum, perhaps after his spell as a guest of Her Majesty they will make him a "trusty" instead.

Yours faithfully,
DAVID HOWE,

Clacton-on-Sea, Essex.

Marx Groucho

Sir,

Further to last week's letter noting Germaine Greer's fondness for Marxist reading matter, have you noticed the similarity between her article in last Sunday's Independent magazine, "The Slave Owners of Kuwait", and Kirsten Cale's piece in the October Living Marxism, "Now We'll Have To Work For A Living", interviews with rich Kuwaiti slave owners?

Whilst on the subject, wasn't this Sunday's "The Media Show" remarkably similar to most of the contents of the September Living Marxism "Why Kraut Bashing Is Back In Fashion"? Are they at all related or am I forgetting that Living Marxism is an outdated series of ultra-leftish totalitarian dogma? I think we should be told.

Yours fraternally,
LEN SCAP,

London N16.

Spry Fry

Sir,

Mr Stephen Fry is 33, not 37, as stated in Hell! (No 751). If you must ridicule the wittiest, handsomest etc, etc, man on TV ever, please get the facts right or the Leicester Branch of the Fry and Laurie appreciation society (total membership: 2) will be forced to boycott your magazine!

Yours slightly angrily,
MISS S. ARCHER,

Leicester.

Diplomatic bags

Sir,

What is so "grisly" about body bags? (Colour Section, Eye 752.) This is only preparation after all.

It is a lamentable and often forgotten fact that in battle people die, and some of them in very nasty ways. Bold logistics dictate that you can't leave corpses decomposing all over the place, hence the body bags.

Brutal this may seem to those whose lives are lived in what passes for a rational world. When you are where the bullets are flying, your perceptions change.

If (please no, not again) things go badly in the Gulf, body bags WILL be needed. Cold hard fact.

Yours etc,
A FALKLANDS SURVIVOR.

LITERALLY Colemanballs

£10 paid for contributions

"It seems to me as if Senna literally just got his nose under the back end of Nanini's car and shoved him out the way..."
TONY COOK, London Talkback Radio
(Hugh Flint)

"He literally carried that horse over the treble."
STEPHEN HADLEY, BBC TV
(Miss J. Mitzman)

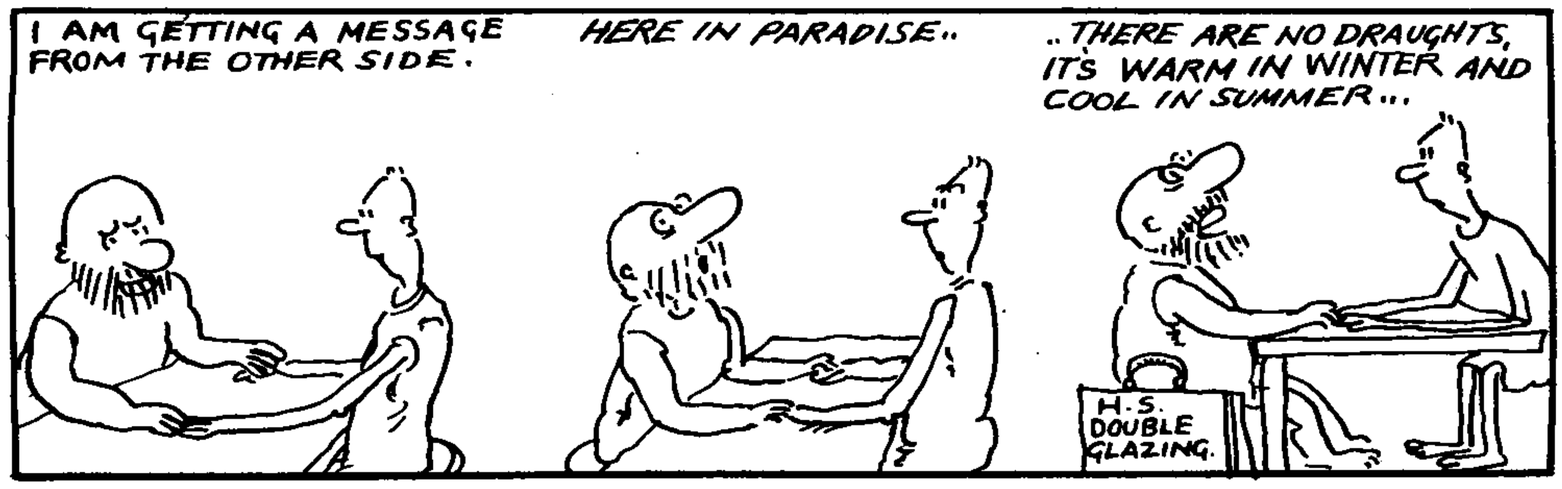
"...Our soldiers are literally sitting ducks."
CHILTERN RADIO
(N. Dexter)

"You can row down the river, literally following in Constable's footsteps."
TRAVEL SHOW, BBC.
(A.C. Capey)

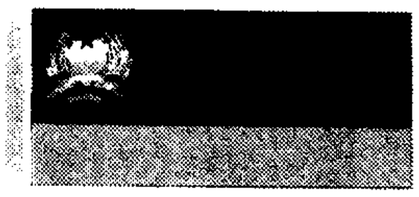
"Mike Pigg, known affectionately as 'Piglet' — literally eating up the road behind the bike of Barel."
COMMENTATOR, BBC2.
(John Cook)

HOM SAP

BY DAVID AUSTIN


I AM GETTING A MESSAGE FROM THE OTHER SIDE.
HERE IN PARADISE..
..THERE ARE NO DRAUGHTS, IT'S WARM IN WINTER AND COOL IN SUMMER...
H.S. DOUBLE GLAZING.

Letter from Kabul



from Our Own Correspondent

THE FIGHTING may have increased sharply this autumn in what could be a last fling to win power by guerrilla leaders before their US and other foreign aid is cut off, but war weariness is in the air and public opinion is shifting.

The most obvious change concerns the *jihad*. With no Soviet troops to fight, the Islamic holy war against communism and the hated Russian presence makes little sense and the struggle seems to many a futile civil war.

Dr Najibullah, our president, is a formidable opponent. His nickname "the Bull" comes from his bulk and strength, but he has brains too. As former chief of the secret police, put in power by the Russians, he can hardly be popular. But his PDPA government seems to be breaking down the old hostility.

Communist he may be, but his punchy, often humorous speeches broadcast on state radio are listened to keenly. He has proved he is a survivor and the government has valuable patronage and formidable military power at its disposal. An estimated 160,000 families in the towns depend directly on the state for wages and subsidised food and essential goods.

Najibullah is gaining because he seems the best — or least bad — government we are likely to have. His obvious successor is Gulbuddin Hekmatyar, the sinister exile based in Peshawar and long promoted by Pakistan's military intelligence agency, the ISI. He is also favoured by influential Muslim fundamentalist circles in Saudi Arabia and, until recently, by the US.

A CIA operative in Peshawar once justified US backing for this fanatical neo-fascist hater of western "immorality" and "plots against Islam" by declaring Gulbuddin was "the most ruthless bastard" among opposition leaders. Gulbuddin's Hizb-i-Islami guerrillas head offensives on two sides of Kabul.

Aligned with him is our ex-defence minister, General Shahnawaz Tanai, a hardline communist of the dissident Khalq faction of the PDPA abruptly demoted after leading a coup earlier this year. No wonder hundreds of our independent *mujahidin* commanders refuse to join in this cynical alliance.

For a city at war, and to some extent besieged, Kabul's bazaar looks remarkably prosperous. But inflation means only very few Kabulis can afford the food, let alone the imported luxury goods. While rich traders or senior civil servants sell favours, such as passports, many go hungry and most pathetic are the internal refugees from the villages. Kabul now has around two million people, almost three times the pre-war population.

Haphazard guerrilla rocket attacks, lately 20 or more each day, inflict damage mainly on civilians. This makes them a counter-productive weapon and disgust at the rivalries within the Afghan opposition is common.

This winter will be very hard. Electricity and heating fuel are in short supply and the acute lack of petrol and kerosene has made prices soar. Only the military, police and senior officials can afford to drive in the capital. Our two landroutes to the outside world, the Salang highway from the border with Soviet Central Asia and the Jalalabad route to Pakistan, are periodically blocked. And flights of giant transport planes from Soviet Central Asia arrive daily with military supplies. This "air-bridge" is vital to the regime's survival and Kabul is like an island surrounded by a sea of hostile villages.

Western aid and trade are desperately needed and will be essential if post-war rebuilding is to begin. Ever since the Soviet invasion, Western aid has been diverted to help five million Afghan refugees in Pakistan and Iran. Our country has been cut off from access to development funds from the World Bank, ADB and other potential lines of credit. And though France has reopened its embassy in Kabul, at a low level, the US, Britain, Germany and other western states wait and hope Najibullah will topple. This stalemate is set to last for a long time yet.

10 Downing Street
Whitehall

Dear Bill,

Do you fancy a couple of days chez the Widow Flack? While the great Eastbourne post-mortem is going on, I thought I might absent myself. Baker has already been called in for a dose of Gamma Rays, and Sir Custardface's future hangs in the balance after he put all those terrible Dead Parrot jokes in her speech. Personally I blame the whole Eastbourne thing on Bournemouth, which entre nous was a Grade A Disaster. Kenneth Baker sat there grinning like a baboon all the time, waving his hands trying to get them to clap, but I think he must be on some kind of stimulant. Even Smarmy Cecil got the bird when he tried to cheer them up with his plans for a new French-style Superchunnel under Hyde Park that would get you from Liverpool Street to Hayes and Harlington in less than an hour. Everyone else was suicidal.

Even Whitelaw, who I sat up late with over the TV with the cork out of a bottle of whisky apiece, said he couldn't remember anything quite as ballsachingly tedious since Ted Heath's fiftieth birthday party, unless it was the Cumbrian Landowners' Literary Society listening to a paper on Fell Walks. I've never been to the Cumbrian Landowners' Literary Society, but I can imagine what he meant. Margaret had no idea whether she was coming or going, walked the wrong way up the stairs when she got there, then the microphones broke down when she started speaking and Custardface's Joke — something about a Dead Parrot taken out of some damnfool TV Quiz show which was all the rage when Custard was a young man — could not really be said to have brought the house down.

I took the precaution of putting a drawing pin in my shoe to stay awake, but I couldn't help noticing old Howe wheezing away in front with his eyelids drooping, while that young Patten sat there looking like a wet weekend at the seaside, refusing even to do Margaret's Ten Minute Standing Ovation at the end. I saw Bell afterwards and he said it was the "wear-out factor", there was nothing he could do about it, and if I could think of some way of packaging Major as just what you want for Christmas he'd be very grateful to hear it.

You can envisage after all this how gratifying it was to see that angular upper class twit Hurd going arse over tip in the Holy Land. If you ask me they saw him coming. It put me in mind of the time Burmah sent Bingo Posner out to read the Riot Act to one of their companies making rubber goods for the Chinese market in Tel Aviv. They tipped off the local press that he'd really only come out to see a Donkey Show and the next day he was put on an aeroplane as an undesirable alien. Poor old Hurd. For all his sang froid and diplomatic experience someone should have told him that you have to hold on to your trousers very tightly indeed when dealing with the likes of their Mr Shamir.

Having seen Hurd successfully wiped off the board, our energies are now devoted to sticking a pin into that great barrage balloon Heath. According to Boris he suddenly flew into a bate in the middle of Margaret's speech to the Conference, and rang up every newspaper in Fleet Street to dictate a headline-grabbing story about his one-man mercy dash to Iraq. As if that was not enough the pink old bachelor then went on TV with that Frost man and told him that Hurd had personally begged him to undertake the mission, however, dangerous, as Margaret could not be trusted to handle the crisis in the Gulf.

Predictably the Boss blew a gasket. Hurd was got out of his bath in the next door suite at the Hotel Magnifico and called all manner of things before he managed to convince her Heath was lying. Margaret then immediately withdrew Heath's police protection, faxing all terrorist organisations with exact details of his route to the airport.

Smellysocks have been scoring a few free kicks at Halitosis Hall, M. having decided to leave the ERM to Major as the alternative was to stand up and be made a bloody fool of by all those Scotsmen in glasses.

Do you remember that German chap who used to come round to the RAC and lecture us all on Reds Under The Bed? Goldstone? Stonesmith? Anyway he was very big in teabags at one stage and was always trying to buy newspapers. I thought he was very sound, especially when he got on to the BBC and proved how they were all linked up with Moscow. Furniss, when I went in to check up on my Golden Egg Interest-Free Deposit, told me that this Goldberg has sold up lock stock and barrel, is giving all his money to his wholly unknown brother, some bearded little green bugger, and is going off to Mexico to save the Rain Forest. I asked Furniss whether this could be a straw in the wind, as said Goldmein was the only one to spot Black Tuesday coming in '87 and went liquid before you could say Jack Robinson. Have a word with your broker friend Massingberd and see whether he thinks we should sell up.

Yours in simple trust in our Leader,

Denis

TRUE STORIES

CHRISTOPHER LOGUE

ILLUMINATED BY BERT KITCHEN

INTERVIEWED in his office, Mr John Alpert, the North Devon Animal Welfare Officer, said: "We received a call from Mrs Hammond, a lady of 82, in which she said that she had been feeding tit-bits to a bird which had been stuck in her chimney for 14 days. 'It keeps going cheep-cheep,' she said, 'and I have been getting up every two hours in the night to feed it.' But when we arrived we discovered that the noise was coming from a smoke alarm under the chimney vent indicating that its batteries were running out."

NO SOONER had Mr Seth Dhlamini, the Speaker of the Swaziland Assembly, announced that the government had been approached by a television company who wanted to show the House in full debating session than Mr Nsibandze MP moved that the suggestion must be welcomed "in the name of Democracy".

The motion was then carried by an excited and overwhelming majority. However, Mr Sipho Mamba, the Minister for Agriculture, opposed the motion on the grounds that it should have been presented first to the correct committee, and that it was "a very drastic matter to let the TV people in".

Later, the furious debate died down when the Sergeant at Arms informed the Speaker that the TV people had made no such offer and were not going to make any such offer. "They have," he said, "arrived to rig up an aerial so that the House can view the set the Korean Embassy had presented to the House as a goodwill measure."

INTRODUCING his author to the audience, Mr T.G. Kendal, a publisher, said: "Zsuzanna Budapest is a witch with two teenage sons. In 1970 she realised that her witchcraft background was a natural expression of alternative feminist spirituality.

"At the time, Zsuzanna was High Priestess of the SBA Coven Number 1, the first feminist coven in the USA. Soon after this she was arrested by an undercover policewoman whose Tarot cards she was reading.

"Charged and tried as a witch, Zsuzanna was found 'guilty' of predicting the future. After a nine-year legal battle it was discovered that the Los Angeles police had made a mistake and that it is constitutional to read Tarot cards in the USA.

"Now she is going to introduce and talk about her semi-autobiographical book of lost holy days, *The Grandmother of Time.*"

ASKED to explain why she had driven her car into a ten-foot drystone wall, Miss Nellie Miricioiu, a self-employed opera singer, said: "I was dazzled by a sudden shaft of sunlight, and a carton of yoghurt that was on the dashboard exploded at the same time and covered the windscreen with foam."

MR ERIC Clarke, a solicitor, told the court: "This is my client George Service's first, and I hope last, driving offence. Having been picked up by his parents, George — who is 10 — realising that they were both drunk, offered to drive them home from his babysitter's house. They accepted his offer and got in the back of the car.

"Minutes later, George was overtaken by Constable Petersen of the Auckland Road Patrol. At first George refused to pull over, but after an 80 mph chase the Constable forced him into the side of the road, whereupon, fearing that his parents were in danger, George attacked Constable Petersen with his fists.

"Mr and Mrs Service were asleep through the whole incident and so are unable to support their boy's story."

Two years' probation.

MR CHAN KING, 60, was having a hip-bath in his Kowloon flat when the floor of the sitting room gave way and he fell, still in his bath, through to the sitting room below, where Mr and Mrs Ku Lung were enjoying a game of bridge with friends.

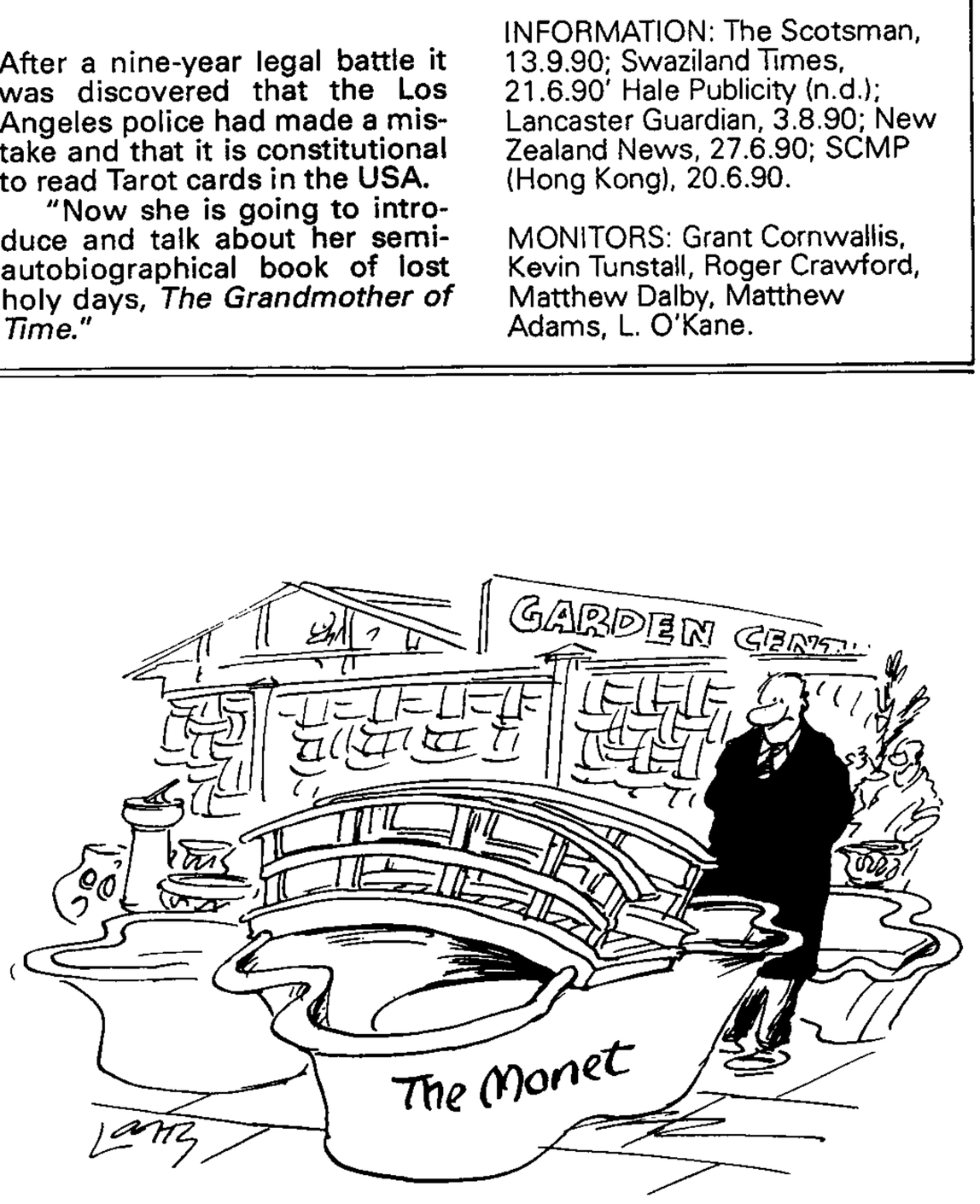
INFORMATION: The Scotsman, 13.9.90; Swaziland Times, 21.6.90' Hale Publicity (n.d.); Lancaster Guardian, 3.8.90; New Zealand News, 27.6.90; SCMP (Hong Kong), 20.6.90.

MONITORS: Grant Cornwallis, Kevin Tunstall, Roger Crawford, Matthew Dalby, Matthew Adams, L. O'Kane.

Yes, it's United Nations Rhyming Slang!

UN	**Grey men**
Perez de Cuellar	**End in failure**
International Forum	**How to bore 'em**
Terrific swell	**Crispin Tickell**
David Hannay	**Not known by many**
Non-aligned state	**Towelhead in bate**
Kurt Waldheim	**Should be doing time**
Emergency debate	**Bars open late**
Your shout	**Mass walkout**
Simultaneous translation	**Time for liberation**
Veto	**Whisky, neato**
Famine appeal	**Excuse for a meal**
UNICEF	**Excellent chef**
UN	**Approved by Tony Benn**

(That's enough slang. Ed)



THE WORST COLUMN IN THE HISTORY OF JOURNALISM

Why are we so beastly to Fergie?

Bit thin this week. Please pad out with white space. P.M.

PETER McDRIVEL

MY friend the Duchess of York is in the news again. We seem to have a fascination with the Royal Family, don't we? You cannot open your paper without seeing an article about Fergie or Diana. Why is this? I do not know. But it may be that some columnists are so desperate for something to write about that they will resort every week to writing an item like this. Isn't it pathetic?

MY friend John Junor always used to say to me: "Peter, when in doubt, write about the Royal Family." How right he was, as the above paragraph so clearly shows. Now I am a columnist almost as bad as he is , and I have this advice for any aspiring columnist — "When in doubt, write about John Junor."

HOW boring Private Eye is these days. It has never been any good since I was sacked.

● I was travelling last week on an inter city train to the fair city of Birmingham. I couldn't help noticing that the stewards were offering only two types of marmalade as part of the breakfast. Why was this, I wondered? Perhaps we shall never know.

● *Isn't Private Eye boring nowadays? And repetitive? Why don't they hire someone like myself?*

● Have you noticed how Fergie keeps cropping up in this column? Here she is again. Isn't it incredible how her name keeps coming into the copy? There is an obvious moral here, though I've no idea what it is.

● *I read in my good friend Mr Pepys column that I am about to be fired. Thank heavens for that. It cannot be true.*

Goldfinger to go Green

by our Environment Staff
Lunchtime O'Zonelayer

The controversial German-born business tycoon Mr Goldfinger has announced that he is to give up his multi-million pound drugs-to-world-domination conglomerate and is to devote his energies to Green issues.

Speaking from his South American hideaway, Sir Goldfinger told me:

"I have finished with organised crime. It is time for a new phase in my career. I used to want to rule the world now I want to save it."

Already, on his Mexican estate, Jimmy Goldfinger has been involved in schemes to preserve a number of rare species of wild animals. They include the man-eating crocodile *(Crocodilus cavenamensis)* the poisonous tarantula *(Tarantula fishpastia fatalis)* and the Rottweiler shark *(Sharkus sharkus junkbondus)*.

Last night, Prince Charles was delighted by the news. He said:

"More and more businessmen now recognise that the planet is a good source of income."

Despite his nuclear submarine and poisonous gas plant in which many of his business rivals were "liquidated", Goldfinger has always had an interest in ecological issues. During the seventies he pioneered a scheme for preserving the rainforests when he produced a magazine codenamed *Talbot* which was so bad that it had to be closed down, thus preserving millions of trees for posterity.

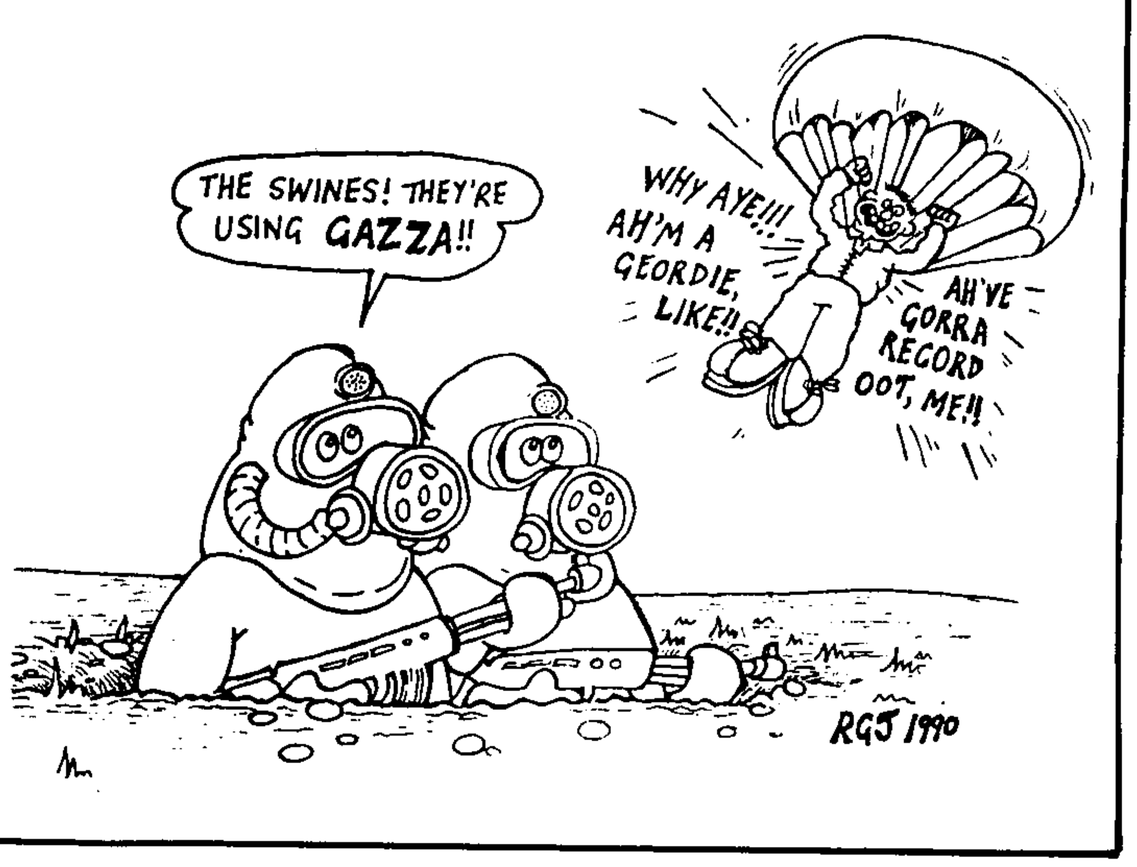
One of his henchmen, a sinister and an apparently ageless libel lawyer, contributed to this ecological campaign by trying to shut down a number of other magazines and newspapers with a special libel fund codenamed "Carter Fuck".

Another henchman, the burly Oddjob Aspinall, also contributed to solving the problems of overpopulation through a series of accidents involving man-eating tigers.

Goldfinger's old adversary, James Bond, editor of the satirical magazine *Thunderballsup*, said last night:

"I don't believe it for a minute. The leopard does not change his spots. We haven't heard the last of Greenfinger."

Lord Lucan is 61.



The Daily Telegraph

It's boomtime for pensioners

Massive 10.9% handout

by Our Mail, Telegraph and Standard Staff
Rose Tinted-Spectacles

PENSIONERS everywhere were dancing openly in the streets with their zimmers as the Government announced huge increases in the old age pension. A staggering 10.9 per cent rise has brought a smile to joyful OAPs across the country.

"Thank you, thank you, thank you, Mrs Thatcher!" beamed one grateful old timer, Mr Madeup. "Me and Mrs Madeup are over the moon. Thank goodness this Government is looking after us senior citizens so well."

As he and his wife toasted each other with champagne he joked, "If you value your pension, vote Conservative."

Oh, by the way, the rise in the old age pension is automatically linked to the rate of inflation which has now reached a record 10.9 per cent.

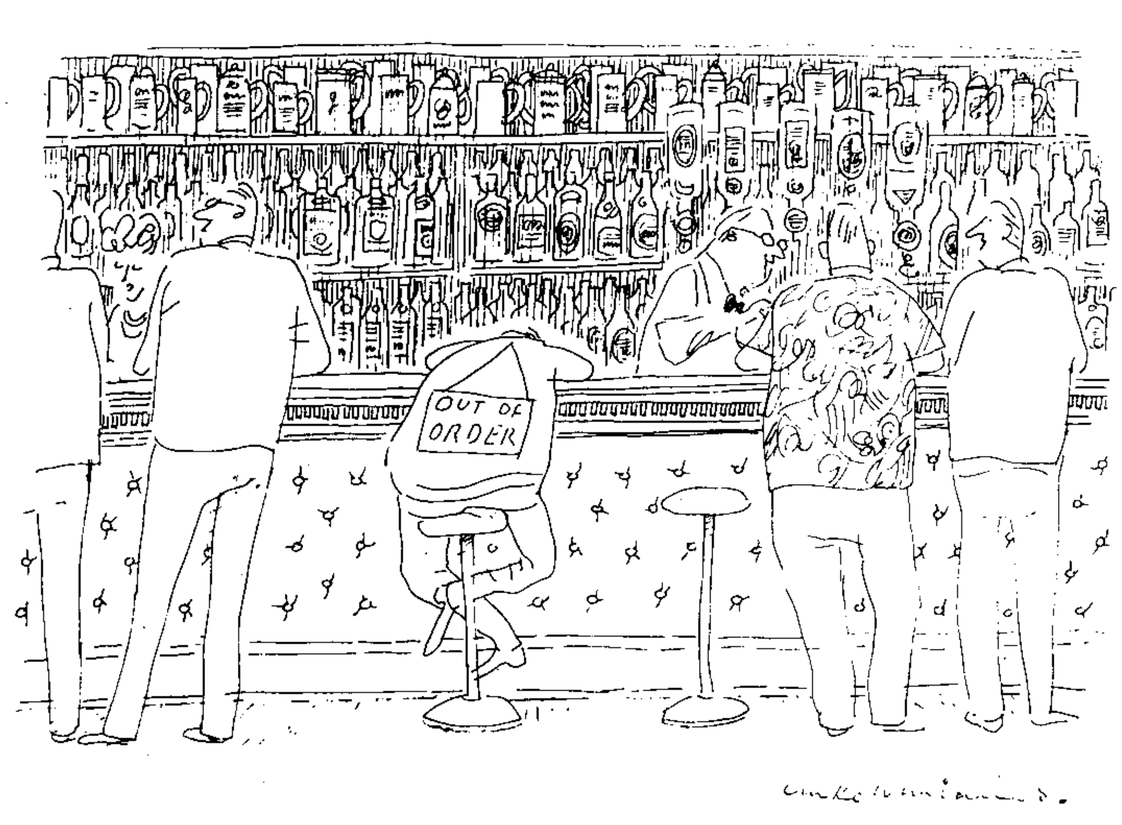
On Other Pages

Shameful Bias in Broadcasting

That Major speech in full

"The new inflation rate of 10.9 per cent was very much expected and marks a turning point for the economy. This figure of 11.3 per cent is clearly a symptom of a healthy economy that has got inflation, currently running at 12.7 per cent, firmly under control. That is why I say to you that the present 14.6 per cent is a reasonable figure at which to enter the ERM and that the days of spiralling inflation as opposed to our own modest 15.8 per cent are firmly in the past. We can look forward on the basis of this morning's figure of 17.9 per cent to inflation well under treble figures by this afternoon."

John Major is ~~42~~ ~~43~~ ~~44~~ 59.3.



Maggie steps into 3Rs crisis

by Our Education Staff
Ilea Nastase

The Prime Minister, Mrs Margaret Thazza, following three days of top-level talks with her Education Secretary John MacGregor, has personally put a halt to plummeting standards in Britain's schools.

"Her solution is both simple and brilliant," according to informed Downing Street sources (B. Ingham).

In future, all 7 year olds in Britain's schools will have to pass a simple test in basic educational skills — otherwise they will not be allowed to become 8.

That Thazza 3Rs Test In Full

Reading

Candidates must be able to read the following sentence:

"Vote Conservative."

Writing

Candidates must be able to put an X in the appropriate place in the following box.

THAZZA (CON)	

Number Skills

After Mrs Thazza has been in power for eleven years, will we next be celebrating her 12th year in power/13th year in power/100th glorious year of unbroken success in the toughest job known to mankind? *(Cross out which does not apply).*

A farce written and directed by Ray Looney

Starring

DONALD TROUSERS as Ivor Bigknob MP

SALLY BIMBO as The Secretary

MICHAEL WILLIAMS as Someone who should know better

"I started laughing when Ivor's trousers fell down in Act I and continued until they fell down in Act III."

SAGA MAGAZINE

"Sally Bimbo's underwear is a delight."

KNICKERS & KNICKERMEN

"I loved the scene where Ivor hides from his wife in the wardrobe in Act II, only to find the Prime Minister is under the bed and his mistress is locked in the bathroom while the camp hotel manager is trying to get in through the window at the same time as the French chambermaid is taking off all her clothes whilst simultaneously the audience are streaming out for an early supper."

SHERIDAN BORELY
BSB "Artzround"

Cedric Spart, Co-Chair of the Pink Guerilla Movement, Tufnell Park and regular guest on Channel 4's *Sex Talk*.

Once again the straight media i.e. tab*loid and quali*ty press TV and er... LBC phone-ins... have all deliberately and totally ignored the most salient feature of Leonard Bernstein's life, i.e. not that he was the embodiment of all that was great in American music and that as a conductor he stood head and shoulders above any of his rivals but that he was a member of the gay community which although he never admitted it in any public sense was the most important facet of this Renaissance Man and but for which he would never have flowered in his chosen artistic field like so many great gay composers, e.g. Tchaikovsky, Benjamin Britten and Liberace, er, it is sickening to think of the millions of his fans who will have been cynically misled by the homophobic establishment into thinking that this leonine genius was a straight which clearly

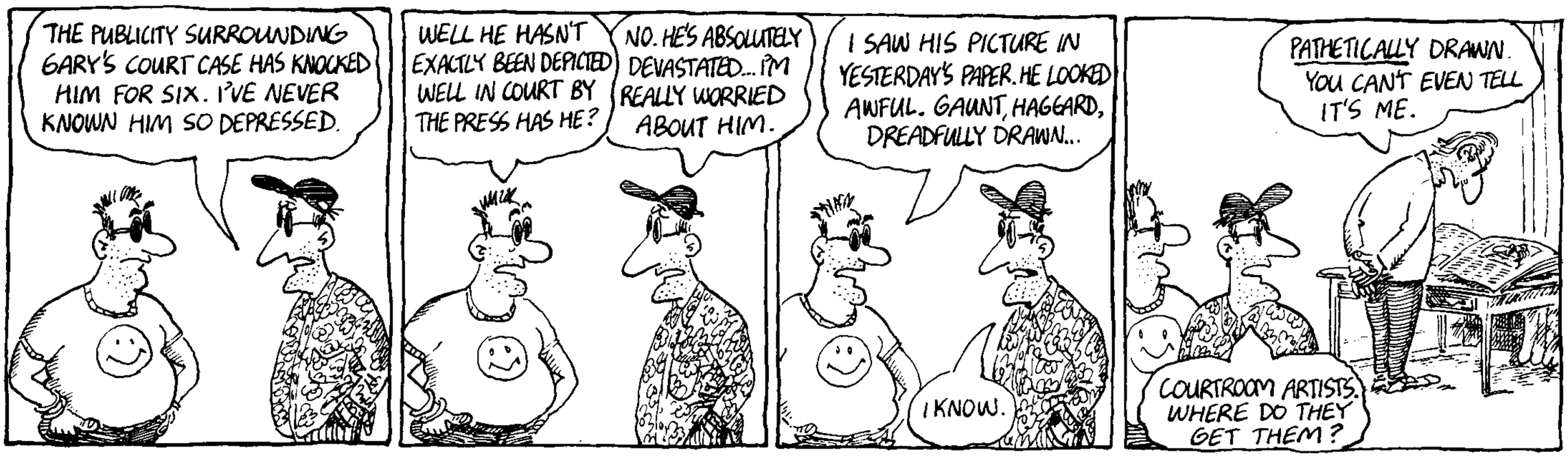
(Continued Page 94)

— Deputy Labour leader Roy Hattersley

Wales on Sunday Magazine

Great Bores Of Today.

"...it was about time they gave her an award she's been leading the way for years did you know she thought of the whole punk thing before anyone else? her place in the King's Road was a hotbed of ideas who was it? Adam Ant used to go there I think on a Saturday morning without her he would have been no one and the Sex Pistols they built their whole ethos thing around her and let's face it Britain leads the world the Italians the French the Americans they all come over here to copy her stuff they say what she wears today they wear tomorrow she's a one off she's a fashion icon in her self did you see her with Sue Lawley ha ha no her new look is just so individual have you seen what she's done now? it's brilliant only she would dare put a suspender belt over a kilt and a hat like the Queen Mother wears except made of PVC... incredible..."


THE PUBLICITY SURROUNDING GARY'S COURT CASE HAS KNOCKED HIM FOR SIX. I'VE NEVER KNOWN HIM SO DEPRESSED.
WELL HE HASN'T EXACTLY BEEN DEPICTED WELL IN COURT BY THE PRESS HAS HE?
NO. HE'S ABSOLUTELY DEVASTATED... I'M REALLY WORRIED ABOUT HIM.
I SAW HIS PICTURE IN YESTERDAY'S PAPER. HE LOOKED AWFUL. GAUNT, HAGGARD, DREADFULLY DRAWN...
I KNOW.
PATHETICALLY DRAWN. YOU CAN'T EVEN TELL IT'S ME.
COURTROOM ARTISTS. WHERE DO THEY GET THEM?

Daily Mail
25p
MONEY MAIL
Pages 23-30

TORIES TRIUMPH AT EASTBOURNE

by Our Political Staff
Matthew Parrot

A delighted Kenneth Baker told newsmen last night that the Eastbourne by-election result was "a clear indication that the tide had turned" for his party.

"Make no mistake," he told cheering supporters *(shurely 'jeering reporters'? Ed.)*. "This crushing victory is only the first for the Liberal Democrats.

BAKER'S DOZEN VOTES

"The voters of Eastbourne have left Mr Kinnock in no doubt that the new-look Labour Party is finished," he continued. "And as for Paddy Ashdown, the message from the electorate is plain. He must be feeling sick as a dead parrot to see his party gain a single unconvincing victory in a safe Tory seat."

Mr Baker was scathing in his attacks on critics of the Government: Sir Geoffrey Howe, Norman Tebbit, Cecil Parkinson, Margaret Thatcher.

"The moaning minnies and the wailing willies have been proved right yet again."

LATE NEWS

Meanwhile, Inspector "Knacker of the Yard" Knacker confirmed that he and 16,000 officers swooped on sleepy Eastbourne in a daring dawn raid to arrest anyone who failed to vote Conservative in the by-election.

"Under the Prevention of Terrorism Act 1990 (Amended), all these people are guilty of giving sympathy and support to the IRA. They will be charged with disobeying a personal letter from Mrs Gow and the local Conservative agent."

John Cleese is 78.

Gnomos offers cut-price bestsellers

by Our Literary Staff
Mark Down and Jonathan Pryce-Cut

The high street book chain, Gnomos, is slashing the prices of its quality titles in a bid to break the stranglehold of the Net Book Agreement (NBA), *writes our man who doesn't understand it either.*

Mr Terry Pentel, the chairman of the successful stationery - to - posters - of - female - tennis - players - scratching - their - bum conglomerate, said tonight:

"It is scandalous that lovers of fine writing have to pay such high prices for great works of literature."

Hugely noble courageous figure

Mr Pentel, holding a poster of an onion which peels away to reveal a nun in stockings, said:

"I am prepared to lose money in order to get my message across, i.e. you can come into my shops and buy a load of rubbish dirt cheap."

Gnomos Top Ten Books in full

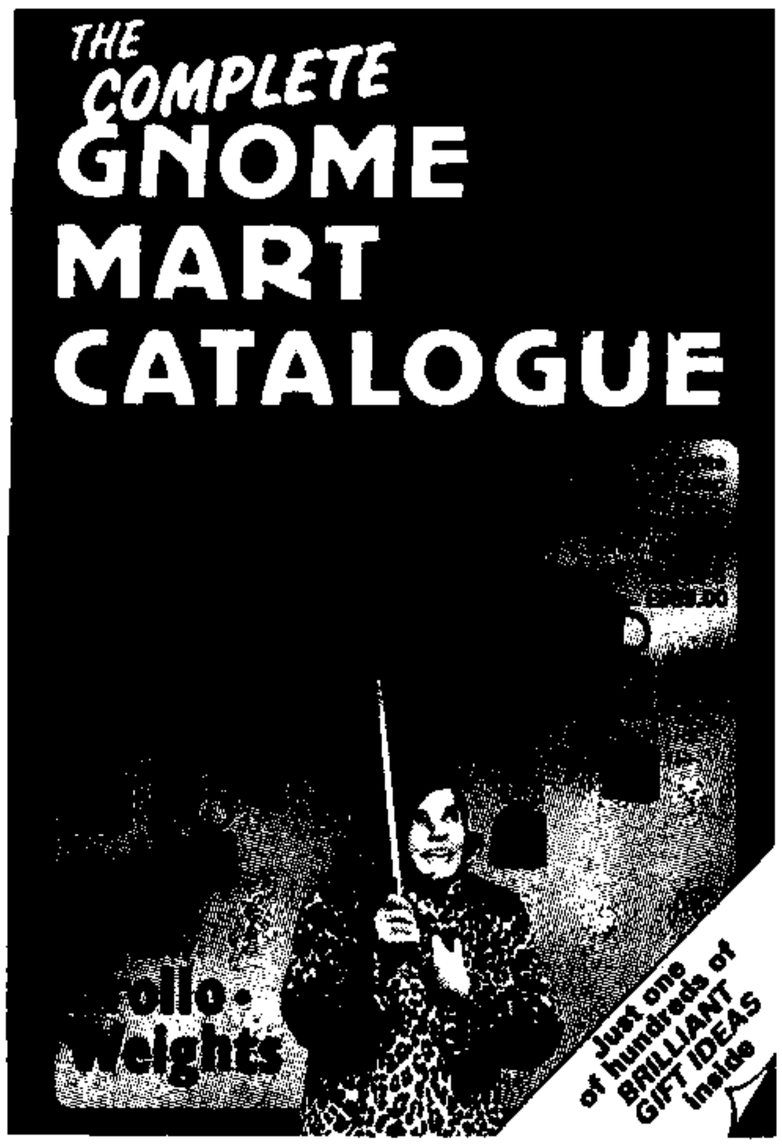
Samantha Fox Calendar 1987	15p
Des O'Connor's Party Lines	38p
Gyles Brandreth's Soho	£1.10
Collins English/Danish Dictionary	3p
The Jane Asher Paper Hat Book	99p
"The Cossacks Were Guilty But We Weren't". Full report by Brigadier Booker and others (399 pages)	7p

(That's enough books — Ed.)

DAN DIRE
PILOT OF THE FUTURE?
by HUGH STUN
THE FORCES OF COSMIC EVIL GATHERED FOR THEIR RITUAL MAGGON WORSHIP.
I WANT TO END ON A HIGH NOTE.
O.K. 10·9%
NOT THAT HIGH!
3·3275 CHEERS FOR THE MAGGON.
THE ONLY THING THAT'S STANDING UP IS INFLATION.
THE ONLY LIGHT RELIEF, AS EVER, CAME WHEN ROBOFLOP, (HALF-MAN HALF-CUT IN A RESTAURANT) ONCE AGAIN EMBARRASSED HIS CREATOR.
I TELL YOU, WE'RE ALL USELESS. PARTICULARLY ME. LOOK, I'VE JUST BLABBED MY MOUTH OFF.
ANYTHING ELSE, SIR?
YEAH, THE HOW 2000 DOESN'T WORK AND I HATE GUMMER.
AND TO FOLLOW?
I THINK I'LL DENY I SAID ANY OF IT!
CEC-IL
PICK YOUR OWN
THE DESPERATE TOREENS CYNICALLY WHEELED OUT SOME TAME ALIENS TO FLATTER THE VAIN VENUSIAN...
HAIL LIBERATOR OF THE ENSLAVED GALAXIES.
YOU PERSONALLY FREED THE ENTIRE COSMOS FROM TYRANNY.
...AND PUT US UP IN THAT NICE HOTEL ON THE SEAFRONT.
WHAT A BIGHEAD!
I THOUGHT SHE HATED PEOPLE BEING GIVEN CREDIT.
ZAP!
COLONEL DAN DIRE LOOKED ON FURIOUSLY AS TOREEN RE-EDUCATION CHIEF, MCEGGHEAD STOLE HIS BATTLEPLAX.
PEOPLE ARE GROWING UP ILLITERATE AND HOPELESS AT ARITHMATIC.
LEAVE MAJOR JOHN OUT OF IT.
I'LL THIRD THAT.
WHAT'S ILLITERATE MEAN?
IT'S THE THREE R'S. READIN', RITIN' AND RIPPIN' OFF OUR IDEAS.
THEN IT WAS THE TURN OF THE DUGLEK TO MAKE A FOOL OF HIMSELF WITH THE DRONE, HEATH-X1.
GO SOMEWHERE EXTREMELY DANGEROUS AND DON'T COME BACK.
ALRIGHT. I'M OFF ON A MERCY MISSION.
MERCY! MERCY!
X-1
I WILL OBEY. SELF-EXTERMINATE! SELF-EXTERMINATE!
GOOD THINKING, DUGLEK. NOW YOU GO SOMEWHERE EXTREMELY DANGEROUS AND DON'T COME BACK.
-LIKE EASTBOURNE.

PRIVATE EYE

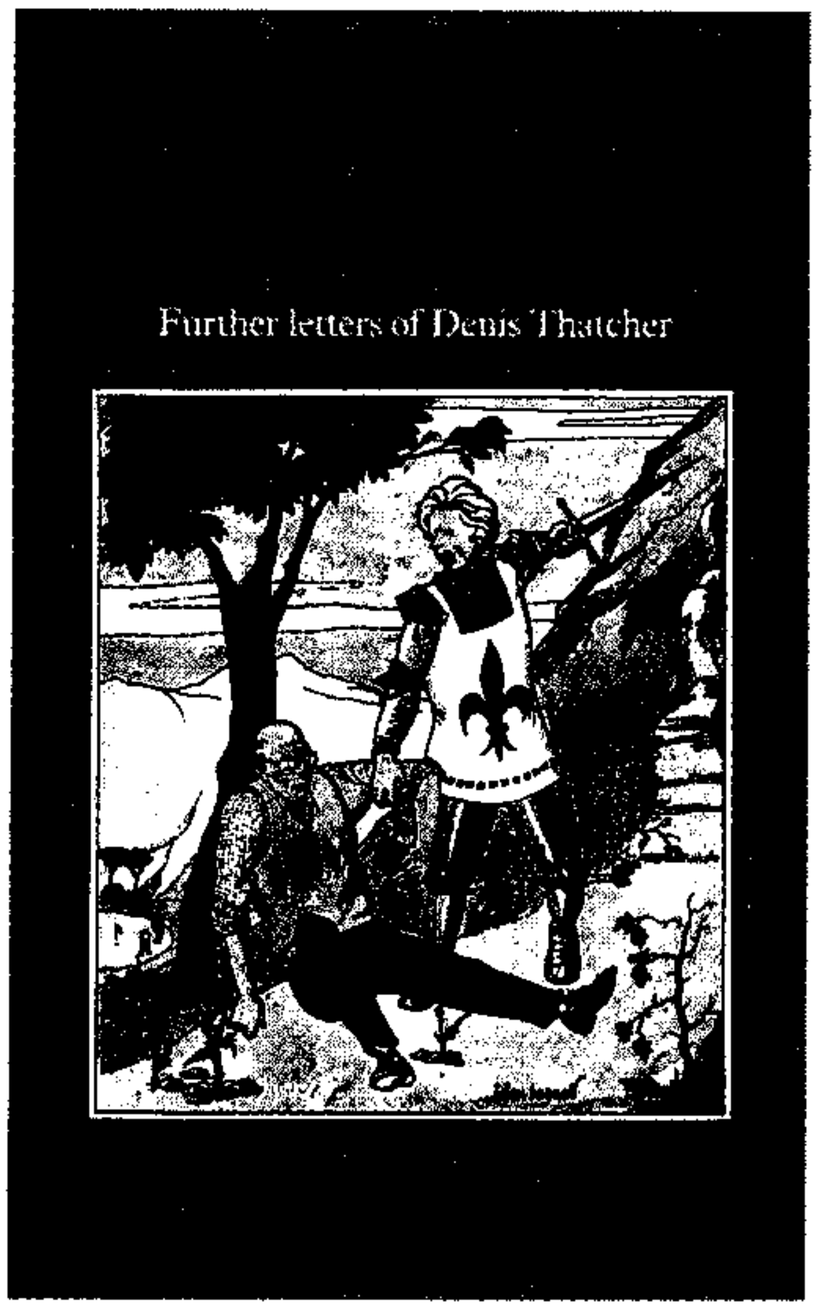
FOUR NEW BOOKS



ALL THE VERY BEST OF THE SPOOF ADVERTS FROM PRIVATE EYE'S CHRISTMAS GNOMEMART.

Years of brilliant gift ideas come together in the definitive catalogue of presents for the person who has everything and certainly doesn't want these things:
THE WRISTFAX, THE LAUGHING DUVET, THE ELECTRIC TOOTHPICK, HAWAIIAN SCREAMING GRASS, PUSS-BLEEP, THE SINGING SPONGE OF BALI AND MANY, MANY MORE.

96 pages. £3.95



FURTHER LETTERS FROM DENIS THATCHER TO HIS OLD CHUM BILL.

It is the start of a new decade. All over the globe barriers are crumbling, the walls are coming down and new worlds are coming to birth. But in Downing Street the Boss has barricaded herself in behind massive iron gates and shows no sign of giving in to the mood of 'All Change'.
Our hero keeps his head down sunk in a comforting bowl of Electric Soup. Retirement at Dulwich seems as far away as ever.

80 pages. £2.95

Other PRIVATE EYE BOOKS are still available — for a complete catalogue apply to the address overleaf. Any book orders will automatically receive one.

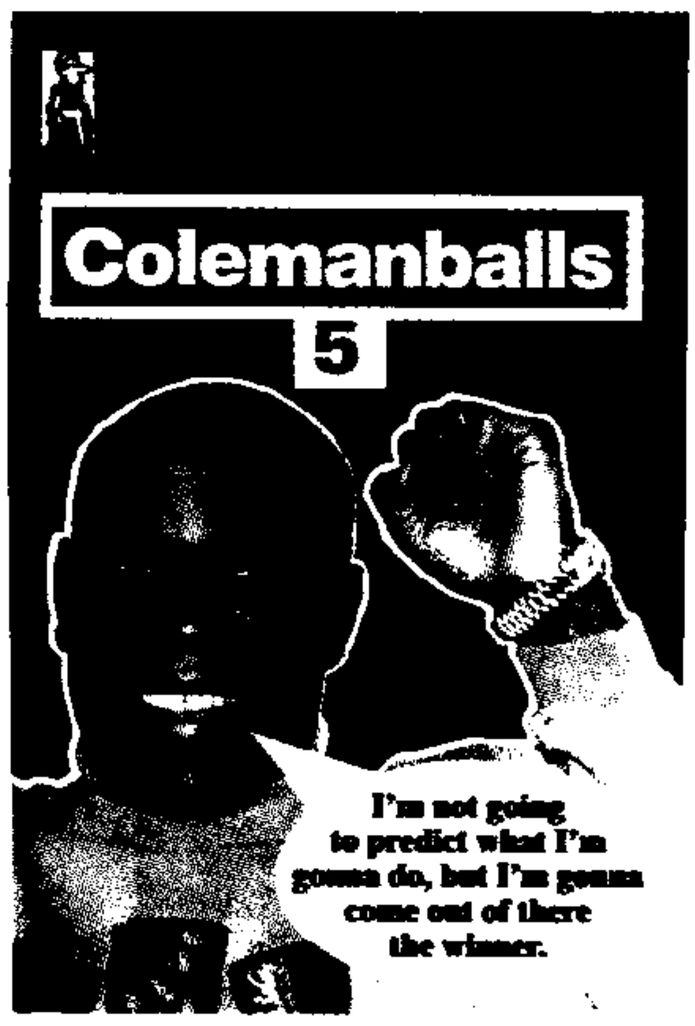
MORE BOOKS & ORDER FORM OVERLEAF

PRIVATE EYE

NEW BOOKS

NICK NEWMAN is one of the brightest and funniest cartoonists in the country. For ten years he has been a prolific and popular contributor to PRIVATE EYE where his work is an instantly recognisable feature. Previously one of the main writers for Spitting Image and presently employed by most national newspapers, he is at his best here in this collection from the EYE.

96 pages. £2.95



No end of commentators' balls from **PRIVATE EYE'S COLEMANBALLS** column. The fifth in this best selling series.

96 pages. £2.95

You can
DIAL-A-BOOK
Just phone
071 223 8193 (24hrs)
with your credit card details

ORDER FORM

- ❑ GNOMEMART £3.95
- ❑ ON AND ON £2.95
- ❑ NEWMAN £2.95
- ❑ COLEMANBALLS 5 £2.95

Please add 50p per book for postage and packing

TOTAL ENCLOSED

£ | p

To: PRIVATE EYE BOOKS, Mortimer House, 230/236 Lavender Hill, London SW11 1LE

I enclose cheque/postal order for: £.....
(payable to PRIVATE EYE)

or ACCESS/VISA Expiry date .....

Number .....

Name .....
please print

Address .....

.....

.....
postcode

PRIVATE EYE

CHRISTMAS CARDS

THREE *NEW LOOK* PRIVATE EYE CHRISTMAS CARDS TAKEN FROM EYE FAVOURITES

THE THATCHERS
CHARLES & DIANA
CAP'N BOB MAXWELL

Each with an appropriate message
PRINTED IN FULL COLOUR
Illustrated by BRIAN BAGNALL, GARY ANDREWS & JOHN KENT

4 of each card make a set of 12 Card size 5" x 7"

£6 for a set (12 cards with envelopes) *or* **£11 for 2 sets** (24 cards)
Additional sets £5.50
No postage needed

FREE CARDS!!

if you take out a subscription for yourself or a friend.

DETAILS & ORDER FORM OVERLEAF

PRIVATE EYE

FREE CARDS OFFER
FOR NEW SUBSCRIBERS

To: PRIVATE EYE SUBS/CARDS
Mortimer House
230/236 Lavender Hill
London SW11 1LE

I enclose £13 *(UK rate)*
or ACCESS/VISA Expiry date . . . . .

Number . . . . . .
(Please indicate which is card holder's name & address)

Please send **PRIVATE EYE** for one year to:

Name . . . . . .

Address . . . . . .
please print
. . . . . .

. . . . . .
postcode

Please send **FREE CARDS** to:

Name . . . . . .

Address . . . . . .
please print
. . . . . .

. . . . . .
postcode

Please start subscription with
(tick appropriate box)

❑ Next available issue

❑ The December 7th issue

❑ The January 4th issue

OR DIAL - A - SUB
USING ACCESS OR VISA
Telephone 071 228 0425 (24hrs)
and leave the rest to us

CHRISTMAS CARDS ONLY

To: PRIVATE EYE
CHRISTMAS CARDS
Mortimer House
230/236 LavenderHill
London SW11 1LE

Please send me:

1 set of Christmas cards @ £6.00
or
2 sets for £11.00
(additional sets £5.50)
No postage needed

Number of sets . . . . . .

Total £ . . . . . .

ACCESS/VISA Expiry date . . . .

Number . . . . . .

Name . . . . . .

Address . . . . . .
please print
. . . . . .

. . . . . .
postcode

OR DIAL - A - CARD
USING ACCESS OR VISA
Telephone
071 223 8193 (24hrs)
and leave the rest to us

NEW

YOUNG EYE

GNOMERAP

Hi! Cool Gang! This is the new wicked *Young Eye* for all you crazy GCSE funsters out there! Ba-a-ad — that's us!

Young Eye is the latest! The latest desperate attempt to get some readers! *(Geddit? You better!)*

So here it is, you all! It's the new funky full-colour giveaway chillin' pisspoor freebie from the groovy guys at Gnome House!

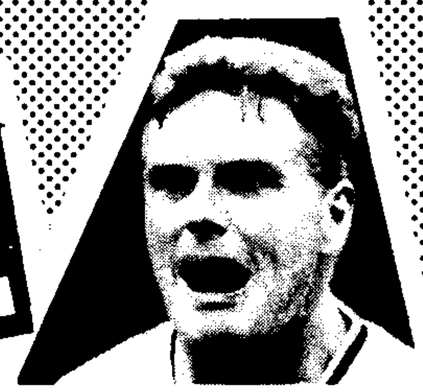
Jump on your skateboard and let's rock around the clock, Daddy-oh!

E. Strobocop
pp Screaming Lord Gnome

ANIMALS are really great. So why do people kill them and eat them in hamburgers? Sick. Animals are exploited really badly by everyone. Some people put them in cages, other people put them in magazines. Really sick.

If you see a picture of an animal in a magazine, tell us at Gnome Green Con Friends of the Stoat Gnome House.

Every letter you send will be saved and recycled (provided it contains a postal order for £50 or more made payable to E. Strobocop and crossed A/C Payee).



FREE

WOW! Did you know?

Clint Eastwood's real name is Donald Trelford.

There are over 8 million sections in the *Sunday Times*. No one has ever read them all.

The fattest man in the world is the publisher Robert Maxwell. He weighs 13 tons and eats the equivalent of five elephants every hour.

We are desperate for young readers yet we are all over 50.

WRITE ON

Dear Young Eye,

Young Eye is the coolest slickest faroutest mag I have ever read! I love your stuff in this issue about animals and the planet. More please! I have worn out three sets of trainers running round telling my friends how crucial Young Eye is and how they should immediately lay it heavy on their old folks to place a regular order at the newsagent now.

Yours where it's at,
BENJAMIN REES-MOGG (7½)

Gazza's Map of the World

All you have to do is complete this famous phrase: "Money for old ****". Then simply send off a stamped addressed £10 note to **GAZZA MAP OFFER**. Get Atlas-Hip with Gazza!

COMPLETELY DEF!

Flashmaster of Rap Dance 7 (NME)

EVER since J.J. Wild left the Psycho Funsters to set up Hot Light with fellow ex-Move Mixer Steve Wykeham Twistleton Fiennes *(Shurely shome mishtake? Ed.)* the Flashmasters have lost the cutting edge that put them in the vanguard of hip-hop electric jive the Tuesday before last. This new collection is doing them no favours at all. Time for Rick Meningitis to think about calling in Leon C. to reform the Banana Beatboys *(That's enough of this, surely. Ed.)*

Christmas with the Beverley Sisters (Polydor)

STONKIN'' stuff from the Fab Three a c a p p e l l a songstresses! 24 Golden Greats from the retread trio, including "My Robin's Cryin' 'Cos Santa's Lost His Red Trousers", the immortal "I Saw Daddy Kissin' The Snowman" and "Good Golly, I've Just Seen The Holly". Ace! Gear! Hot! Every track is too much, man!

JOKES

■ Why do London buses do well at GCSE English?
Because they are well-red.

■ Why do newspapers think that children want to read this stuff?
Because it saw the salad dressing.
(You're fired — Ed.)

Top 10 VID-EYE-OS

1. **Mad Max Hastings III**
2. **Times Hard II**
3. **Independent Jones and the Whittam-Smith of Doom**
4. **Honey I Shrunk The Circulation**

Editor E. Strobocop
Art Direction Soho Graffix
Secretary Tracy from Alfred Marks

Next Week

In your trendy Young Eye — films, videos, rap, puzzles, giveaways, Gazza, sport.

PLUS Whither the ERM? A Guide to Medieval France.

PLUS A pull out 'n' keep poster of Bejam Rainbow, star of TV's "Trixie".

HEIR OF SORROWS

BY

SYLVIE KRIN

THE STORY SO FAR: Charles is at Balmoral recovering from his holiday in France.

Now read on...

THE LATE autumn sunshine filtered through the leaded casement of the Auld Gunne Roome at Balmoral Castle, gleaming on the bronze busts that lined the granite walls — Queen Victoria, George VI, Edward the Eighth. And above them the proud antlers of the Great Stag of Auchtermuchty, shot by his father in the famous stalking party of 1953 where several beaters were accidentally shot in the Duke's grand tally of 3 bears, 100 stags, 450 sheep and 10,000 grouse.

Charles pulled on his Bradford & Bingley boots with some difficulty. Although it had been what felt like an age since he had fallen from Mountbatten's Fancy his arm was still far from healed.

"Ready boy?"

The nautical tones of the Duke boomed from the corridor outside and the door opened to reveal his father in the full dress uniform of colonel-in-chief of the Queen's Own Highland Murderers, better known in recent times as the Desert Gerbils.

"Lovely day to shoot something, eh?"

Charles stood up to greet his father who grabbed him firmly by the hand and pumped his arm energetically.

As Charles winced, the Duke laughed.

"Wrong arm, what? Sorry, never mind. Once you get out on the heather banging away with your 12-bore Lumley, you'll feel like a mainsprite in a Force Niner."

The Duke put two fingers in his mouth and whistled, summoning his faithful pack of Rottweilers.

"Adolf, Goldsmith, Mosley, Scruton, Stone, Wheatcroft!"

The faithful hounds bounded up, their tails wagging eagerly, sensing a day's sport ahead. As father and son stepped out into the unusually warm October morning Charles shifted his gun uneasily from arm to arm.

"I... er... might have a spot of you know bother with this arm, Sir... still a bit on the stiff side."

The Duke nodded in conciliatory fashion as they set off up the gravel drive towards Breean Moor and the rolling purple hills of Glen Dajackson.

Above them a flock of Canadian Conrad Black geese flew in a chevron towards their arctic wasteland home. Instinctively the Duke raised his gun and blew several of them out of the sky.

"Damn geese! Too many of them in the world, that's what I say. Fetch, Scruton!"

The muscular hound bounced keenly towards a bunch of feathers fluttering down towards a thistle-covered copse.

In spite of himself, Charles could not help feeling a wave of admiration for his father's skill as a marksman. He may have his faults, Charles thought, but as a hunter you really had to sort of hand it to him.

There was his father, rifle poised, striding purposefully forward towards a group of Whitehorne Highland Cattle grazing unsuspectingly on the heather. Man the hunter. It was a theme his old friend and mentor Sir Laurens van der Post had returned to time and time again in their fireside chats in the forests of the Gazza Desert. How had he put it?

"If you go down to the woods today, you're sure of a big surprise."

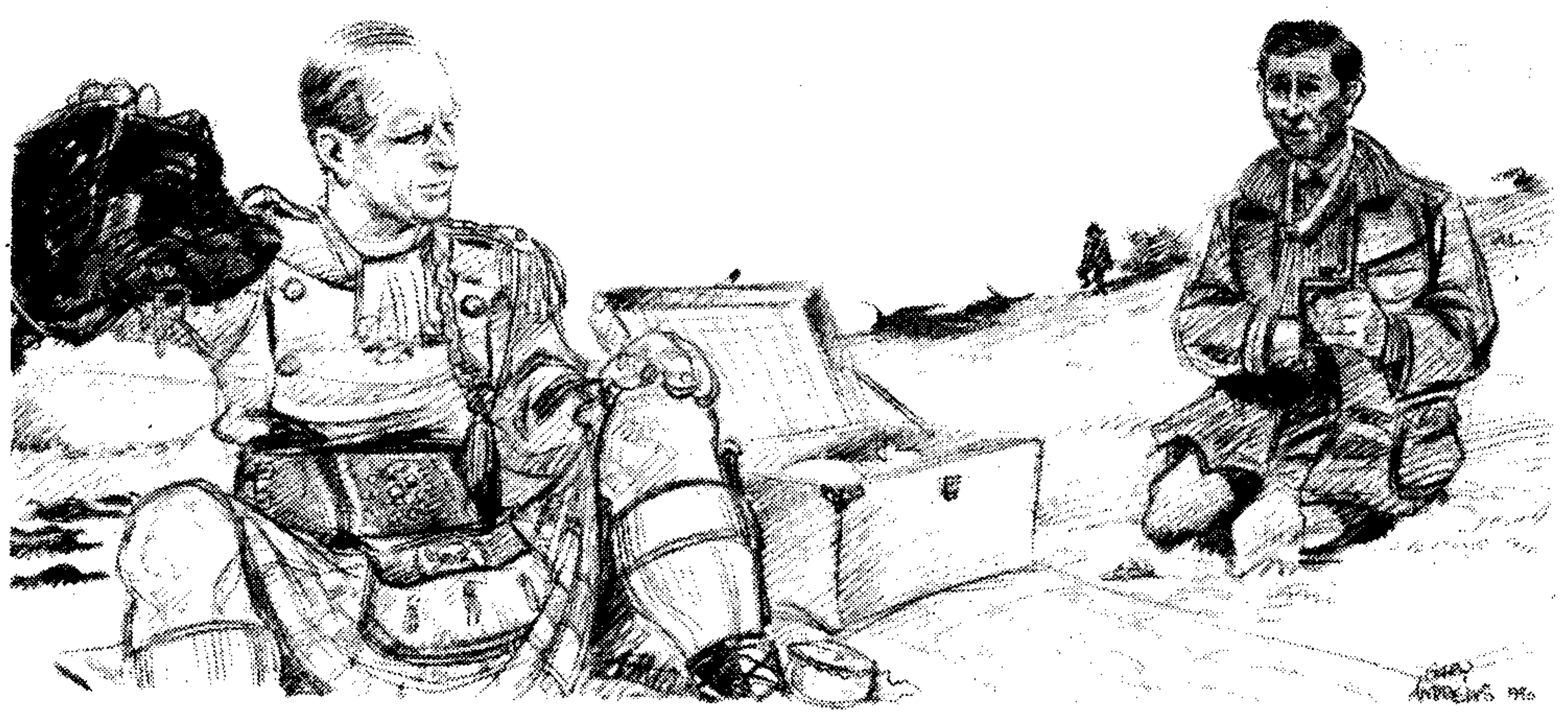
How true that was, how very...

Bang! Bang!

A double blast from the Duke's personalised howitzer (a gift from General Jo MacCarthy of the US Army) brought the entire herd of cattle down.

Yes, Charles continued thinking, his father was a real man in a sort of natural sense. In many ways he was a kind of noble savage.

"Come on Charles. There's plenty of



things still alive round here. Let's get up on the hills. It's only twenty miles to Brown Craig. We'll be there in time for lunch."

THEY were there in time for lunch. It had been a hard slog and although Charles had shot only one small vole he had found the walk exhilarating. It had been years since he had enjoyed his father's company so much and he felt an overwhelming desire to confide in him, man to man, son to father, yin to yang, sort of thing.

As the contented pair sat down on an old tartan rug which had once belonged to John McLegover, Queen Victoria's faithful servant, the Duke rummaged around in his hunting bag and extracted a lunch box.

"What d'you fancy? There's corned beef or pork pie. I'm going to have the pork pie."

Picnics had always been like this, Charles reflected as the Duke happily washed down the pie with a flask of Old McKellan's Camp Double Malt.

Charles accepted the flask and wiped the neck clear of pie fragments before taking a long swig.

The amber liquid fired through his body and eased his aches and pains like a soothing balm.

The Duke looked at him with a twinkle.

"Just the stuff, eh?"

"Yes, it's um... awfully good actually."

"Thought you were looking a bit down in the mouth."

The Duke leaned forward and took a large bite of the corned beef sandwich which Charles had yet to begin eating.

"I may only be an old sea dog but I know when a chap's six rudders adrift. Spit it out. What's up?"

To his surprise, Charles found himself doing exactly that. In a flood he told his father of his two months away from Diana, the pain of separation and his anxiety that they were drifting farther apart. He spoke of his loneliness, his alienation and his er thingy... how he felt they were living in two different worlds. The words flowed from his mouth like the John Burn that bubbled up out of the heather only yards from where they sat.

The Duke looked at him long and hard, chewing ruminatively on the last piece of corned beef sandwich.

"If I've got your drift, you're whingeing on cos you haven't seen your wife for a bit."

Charles nodded excitedly, anticipating the manly wisdom that was bound to follow.

"You don't know when you're well off. Goddamnit boy, it takes months of planning for me to escape your mother for a weekend. Count yourself lucky. Two months. Bloody hell!"

Boom!

There had been a movement behind them and from a large bush an old ghillie fell out, clutching his leg.

The sky darkened and rain began to fall.

(To be continued)

The Book of Shamir

Chapter 517

1. And lo, there cometh certain Jews unto the Wall that is called Wailing, which is an holy place unto the Children of Israel.
2. And they said one to another, let us rebuild the Temple of Solomon, as it was written, even right on top of the Mosque of the Arab-ites.
3. And when they heard this the Arab-ites murmured among themselves and said now is the time to rise up and smite the Israelites.
4. And they began to cast stones at the Children of Israel, according to their custom.
5. Then Shamir, hearing of these things, sayeth unto the temple guards — go forth and smite the Arab-ites. And for every pebble that is cast upon the Children of Israel, let the Arab-ites be slain an hundredfold, even as the fatted calf is slain on the altars of Gideon.
6. Then went they forth and slew the Arab-ites, even one and twenty of them.
7. And Shamir looked upon this thing which he had wrought and said: "For so it is written, he who liveth by the stone shall die by the bullet."
8. Then all the nations assembled together in the house of Un cried out with one voice: "Woe unto Shamir, and unto the Children of Israel. For they have wrought a terrible thing by shedding blood in this holy place. And furthermore they have given comfort to the Saddam-ites."
9. And lo, there dwelt in the land of Thazza a man who was called Hurd. His hairs were grey, as were his robes, and his voice was like unto the crake that croaketh in the corn, which is known as the corncrake.
10. And when Hurd heard these things, he wagged his head and cried unto the Media-ites: "Woe unto ye, O Children of Israel, for ye have committed an abomination in the sight of the Lord. Repent and make your peace with the Arab-ites, and allow them to return to the lands of their forefathers, even the strip that is called Gazza.".
11. And Shamir waxeth purple at these sayings, and fasteneth his teeth in the carpet.
12. And Shamir looketh up into the heavens, and see-eth Hurd as he cometh upon the noon-day plane that is called El-Al.
13. And Shamir spoke and curseth Hurd, even the ground on which he hath trodden, saying no man shall speak unto Hurd, nor shall break bread with him, nor shall any microphone be placed before him anywhere in the land of Israel.
14. And it was, even as Shamir had commanded. And Hurd was cast into outer darkness, for his great offence against the Children of Israel.
15. Then said Hurd unto himself: "Never mind, be of good cheer. I will stiffen the lip that is upper and shake the dust of the Israel-ites off my feet, and repair unto the tents of the Arab-ites and the Araf-ites.
16. "For they at least will hearken unto my wise words and will offer me the hand of friendship for all that I have uttered in their defence."
17. And Shamir privily, by night, sent a messenger unto the Arab-ites, saying: "Hearken ye unto this, lads. For we have spoken privily unto Hurd and, in attempting to sucketh up to us, he hath said, and we quoteth: 'I would not give the Araf-ites an homeland, not even in an million of years. For they are shifty towelheads, who are unclean even unto the hairs which groweth upon their chin like unto the stubble which groweth upon the unripe pomegranate.' "
18. And the Araf-ites were duped.
19. And lo, when at the appointed hour Hurd cometh unto them, they had struck their tents and departed.
20. And when Hurd came unto them, there was but an empty desert, save only for the Media-ites.
21. And there was much egg upon the face of Hurd.
22. And when Shamir saw these things from afar, he laugheth.
23. And so likewise did Thazza, the queen of the Briton-ites. For in her heart she feared Hurd, lest he should take her job.

To be continued

26 October 1990 ● **THE SUNDAY TIMES**

TOP TEN BORES

This Week		Last Week	Weeks on List
1	Peter Ustinov	–	–
2	Vivienne Westwood	–	–
3	Julian Critchley MP	6	812
4	Thazza	8	54,514
5	Alistair Cooke	10	213,412
6	Anton Bruckner *(Surely 'Anita Brookner'? Ed)*	9	212
7	Robert Kilroy-Silk	–	–
8	Monty Python	2	4
9	Dominic Horrid	7	–
10	Katharine Whitehorn	10	456

Our thanks to the Reader's Digest for their help in supplying this week's Bores.

"WE HAD A WASP.."

10 THINGS YOU NEVER KNEW ABOUT A.S. BYATT

1. **Her real name is A.S. Byatt.**
2. **She was once married to the famous Water Board official Horace Byatt.**
3. **She has written 5,412 novels, many under pseudonyms such as A.S. Byatt and Anton Bruckner** *(Surely 'Anita Brookner'? Ed).*
4. **Her father was the well-known judge Mr Justice Drabblecarrot, who once asked: "Who is A.S. Byatt?"**
5. **Her nickname in literary circles is Bazza.**
6. **She has a pet mutant terrapin called Fra Angelico.**
7. **She has a morbid fear of appearing on** *The Clive Anderson Show.*
8. **When she was a little girl she once went to the seaside.**
9. **Er...**
10. **That's it.**

Racing Results

Chepstow

Going: Straight

3.00
1. On The Fiddle 5-2
2. Tax Dodger Evens
3. Final Demand 10-1

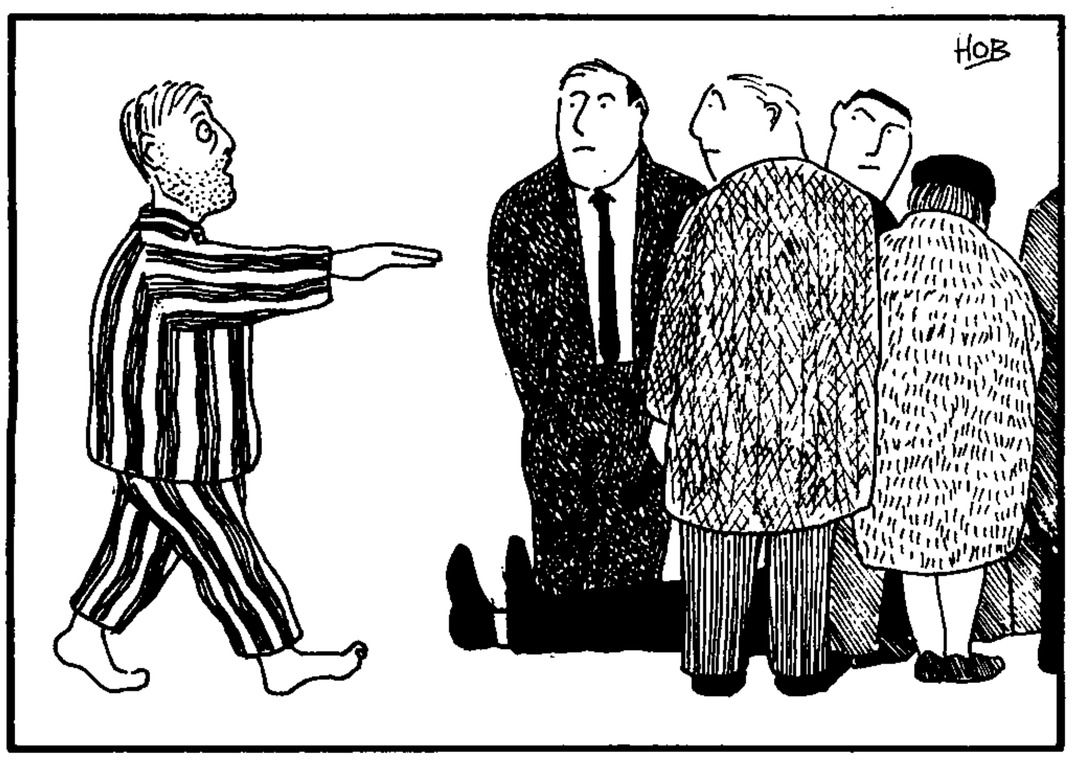
3.30
1. VAT Return 16-1
2. Dawn Swoop 3-2
3. Fair Cop 25-1

4.00
1. Old Bailey 8-1
2. Summing Up 6-5
3. Two Year's Hard 15-2

4.30
1. He's Out 10-1
2. Good Behaviour 9-2
3. Lucky Boy 4-6

5.00
1. Lester's Back 3-1
2. Housewives' Choice 6-5
3. Ken Dodd 100-1

(That's enough horses — Ed.)



"LET ME THROUGH, I'M A JUNIOR DOCTOR."

Heath's mercy dash 'Why I did it'

by Our Sour Grapes Staff
Sid Bitter and Russell Twisted

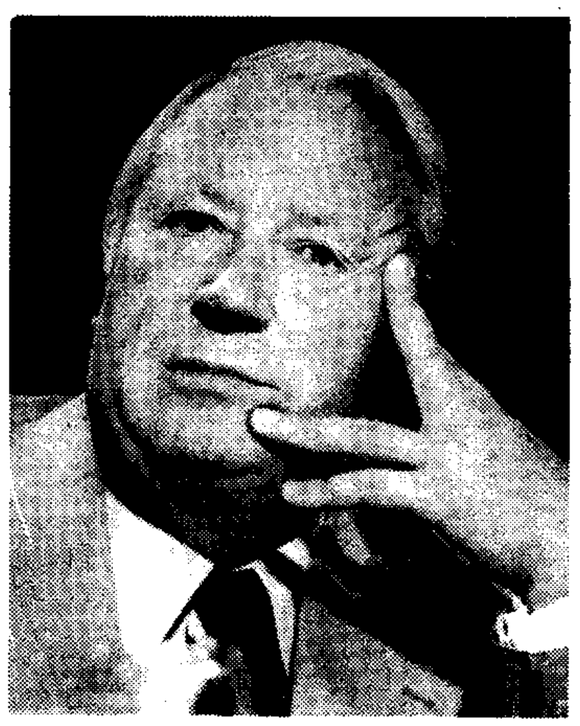
An angry Grocer Heath today rejected suggestions by Mr Douglas Hurd that he was only flying to Iraq as a publicity stunt.

As his one-man mission prepared to leave London, he told reporters: "My sole motivation in this matter is one of humanitarian concern. It is ridiculous to suggest otherwise."

Asked why he had chosen the middle of the Tory conference to announce his bid to bring peace to the Middle East, Mr Heath said: "The timing was purely accidental. I could not sit back and do nothing any longer.

"I am only thinking of a poor old man in the evening of his years, cut off from everyone, with nothing to do all day but sit and count the hours.

"What has he got to look forward to? It is an affront to civilised values to ignore his desperate plight.



"Bore-Bore is better than War-War"

"I say, let me go now — so that I can make life difficult for that awful woman. She is another Hitler, and unless we stand up to people like that we will have failed to learn the lessons of the last war."

Why the next DG must be a woman

writes Ezzer Rantzen

EVERYONE now realises that the BBC is the last bastion of male chauvinism. No less than twelve of the last twelve Director-Generals have been, you guessed it, men.

Yet in recent years all the most talented people in the BBC have been, yes you guessed it again, women.

When it comes to front-line reporting from the world's most dangerous trouble-spots, you think automatically of Angela Rippon, Sue Lawley and TV weathergirl Tracey Sunshine.

When it comes to chat shows, one thinks immediately of Sue Lawley, Gloria Hunniford and Teresa Wogan.

When it comes to brilliant investigative journalism, it would be invidious to mention names but to me the presenter of *That's Life* is the epitome of all that is best in British television.

So, let's face it, it is time that the top job in British broadcasting went to a woman.

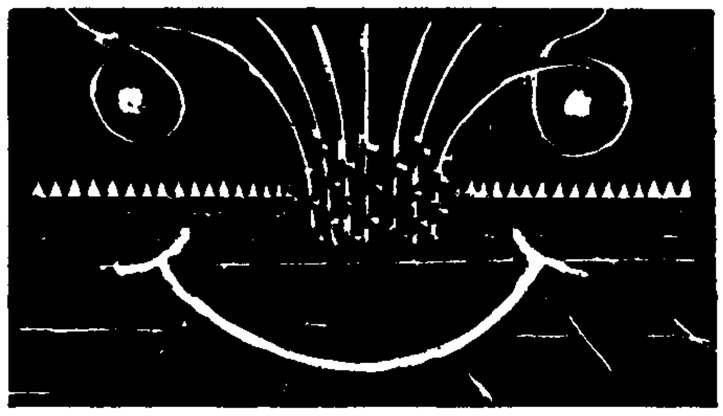
There are thousands of talented women available but the ideal candidate should ideally be someone who has worked in the BBC all her

life, who has demonstrated her all-round professionalism by having her own top-rating weekend TV show, who has shown her compassion and integrity in numerous nationwide campaigns, and who, in addition, has the vital ingredient of a sense of humour, displayed in such famous episodes as the carrot shaped like a male sexual organ, and the old lady showing her bloomers and singing *Land of Hope and Glory* in Fulham market.

I say this. Wake up BBC and appoint me. Immediately.

© Ezzer RazzaTrash, Times Newspapers plc 1990.

DIARY



THE RT. HON. CECIL PARKINSON MP

It is a very great pleasure for me to be given this opportunity to put forward the Government's position on a number of important topics. Very kind people — some of them attractive young ladies! — tell me that I am what they call a "natural communicator". I accept the compliment with grace. If I have such a quality, it derives from my great belief in this Government's frankly first-rate policies, and the terrific team we now have. All I have to do is to state these great assets clearly and smoothly, and the next election will be ours, and it is indeed gratifying to think that I can do the "communicating" job better than, say, John Selwyn Gummer, that slimy little twerp about time she got rid of him and as for that bloody Howe and if that Baker does that smile once more I'll kill him the bastard. To employ a nautical expression, with a steady hand such as mine on the anchor all should be well.

I have always considered what I call "personal grooming" to be of over-riding importance. I have long held to the opinion that if people can't respect your hairstyle then you equally can't ask them to respect your policies. Luckily, I have a very full head of hair, and I'm happy to report that the compliments tend to flood in concerning its body, general tidiness and overall grooming.

Might I seize this opportunity to pass on a few tips?

a) Do remember to wear a hair-net upon retiring to bed. I regret to say that a number of my Cabinet colleagues — first-rate team, incidentally — have overlooked this advice, resulting in flyaway hair, poor quality partings and general lack of body. Small wonder that Lawson went for the proverbial Burton. I know he'll forgive me for saying this — Nigel's a very old friend of mine, and I have the greatest respect for his now alas gravely discredited economic abilities — but his hair was often disorderly and never anywhere near as spruce as mine. Why? Simple. He forgot his hair-net. So much for the fat slug, who is, incidentally, a much-valued colleague and old friend of myself and my loyal wife Ann.

b) I never forget to place a seawater fish — cod or turbot are both readily available from your high street fishmonger — underneath my hair-net before "turning in for the night". The excellent oils and aromatic properties permeate from the fish through into the hair and scalp to afford perfect manageability in the morning, and my steadfast wife Ann is more than grateful for a cod lunch around mid-day, first removing any of my stray hairs from the gills, of course.

I am delighted to have been given this opportunity to show you what one might call the more "human" side of "yours truly". It can be a great burden, you know, to be lumbered with the title of "the great communicator", as it prevents people from seeing the more warm and rather private side of what has been described as my "terrific personality". You'll no doubt be wondering how I came by the above knowledge of personal grooming for men. Before entering the worlds of industry and politics, I served an apprenticeship at a prestige gentlemen's hairdressing salon in South Audley Street. As well as learning the finer points of trimming, perming, pruning and so on, one received a valuable education in how to present oneself in an attractive manner while looking in the mirror at one's client. Nowadays, when I am asked by the Prime Minister to present the "human face" of the Party on the small screen, I pretend to myself, as the studio manager "cues in", that I am back in that salon, with the camera as the mirror and you, the great British electorate, as my client. As you can judge for yourself, this works beautifully, though I think Peter Sissons might have been a little surprised at the close of a recent *Question Time* when I found myself asking whether sir required anything for the weekend.

Pedicure is another of my talents, my Diploma taking pride of place on my office wall. It is a skill much valued by the Prime Minister. It was at the end of one of the crisis meetings of the inner cabinet during the Falklands Conflict that I first suggested to the Prime Minister that she should relax with a pedicure, and she took to it like a duck to water. Now, in our full Cabinet sessions, she takes care to place her Secretary of State for Transport in the chair opposite, so that, when the urge overtakes her, she may throw off a shoe and place her foot under the table in my able hands, all the while holding forth about the grave issues of the day. "Other people bring me problems," she once told a mutual friend, "but Cecil brings me pedicures."

This remark tends to arouse some jealousy amongst my absolutely first-rate team of Cabinet colleagues, of course. Ken Clarke is so ham-fisted he couldn't pick his own nose without first consulting an expert, and that little prick Gummer looks like something you'd file out of a toenail, so my position at the feet of the Prime Minister seems assured.

Might I just put in a word on the need for Cabinet loyalty? 1990 has so far been a particularly trying year for myself and my colleagues in Government, and now, more than ever before, there is a desperate need for Ministerial solidarity. Many of my colleagues, alas, do not abide by these rules, little realising that stray off-the-cuff remarks about, say, Waddington's overpowering body odour could prove most unhelpful.

Happily, I myself inspire tremendous loyalty from my colleagues, who have thankfully put my little "local difficulty" of 1983 behind them, and are now more anxious than ever that I take the "driving seat" in the run-up to the next election. Cabinet memos confirm this. At the last Cabinet meeting, I intercepted a memo from Clarke to Baker while Margaret was droning on. It was tremendously heartening: "Cecil holds the Keays to the next election!!" it read, to which Baker's memo soon came back, "Conservatives Flor-a Great Victory!!" Soon, Howe had chipped in with a memo of his own stating. "No Flies on Cecil!!" On the evidence of such overwhelming support, I can safely say that any problems I may have had are in the past and that my role in Cabinet can grow stronger.

One final tip, if I may. Kind supporters often ask me how I get my head to bounce about uncontrollably in sudden jerks in that attractive way on television and in Westminster. The answer, of course, is a discreet electric-shock machine secreted in one's collar stud. It serves both to stimulate the hair follicles and to ensure a smile appears in the area of one's mouth every 25-30 seconds, with little or no damage to the brain.

Literary Review

Blue job

The Faber Book of Blue Verse
Edited by John Whitworth
Faber & Faber, £14.99

JOHN WHITWORTH originally solicited contributions for an anthology of *coarse* verse — a conception which seems to have been aborted by Faber's Craig Raine, something of an expert at cannibalising big names from the past and lacing them with trendy but vastly inferior poetasters of the present. The end-product, unmistakably wrapped up by Raine rather than Whitworth, is an indigestible fudge of the familiar, the feeble and the indiscriminately filthy.

Eskimo Nell, The Ball of Kirriemuir, Diamond Lily of Piccadilly and other gems from the camp fire and changing-room choirs, working-men's clubs and lavatory walls of the world, are coupled here with the student-rag visions of Wendy Cope's Strugnell, who "needs a woman/who'll come across on half a pint of beer"; of Raine himself — "in the valley of your arse/all flesh is grass, all flesh is grass"; and of Whitworth, whose similar lust for ribald rhymes has similarly infected his reason: "If after 20 years of screw/Your nose drops off, it's balls to you."

The genuine balls of this collection have been squeezed without permission from the time-honoured register of bawdy poets: Catullus, Ovid, Martial, Chaucer, Villon, Rochester, Burns, Verlaine, Cavety *et al.* They'd surely be appalled to find their work pressed into the service of some of its latter-day bedfellows here.

After 60 years of blue, Gavin Ewart's mucky brain has clearly dropped off down a drain: "The small buttocks of men that excite the women/but ah! the beautiful feminine broadness!" Yes folks, that's the whole "poem". Much of the contemporary material reads like the sorts of filler and dirty-picture caption favoured by any run-of-the-mill "adult" publication: "Here lies the body of Patrick who Served Aphrodite delightedly/Even when quite geriatric/He still raised a nightie excitedly" (P. O'Shaughnessy).

Another nadir of the bathetic and banal is, alas, supplied by some hitherto unpublished doggerel by T.S. Eliot which has been snarled up for Faber's proudest boast, as strengthening the book's "judicious scattering of the best limericks." Eliot would obviously have published it himself had he thought it merited it. On reading it now you'll understand why he didn't.

T.S. E's lines on the predatory assignation "at the violet hour" between "the young man carbuncular" and a bored typist in *The Waste Land* would have made a far worthier representation. But then Eliot's true poetry of the brass tacks of "birth, copulation and death" would provide more reality than this cynical labour of sexploitation could bear. A typical opportunity missed is the absence of the bluest verse ever penned by a some-time Faber poet, W.H. Auden's *The Platonic Blow*, also known as *The Gobble Poem*. According to Humphrey Carpenter this was composed to show a college professor "exactly what sort of a person Auden was", with admissions like "I rocked at the shock of his cock" working up to a shamelessly joyous performance of fellatio. Instead of this, Faber pushes two brief, tame sparks of formalist wordplay at us with a *Psst* as examples of Auden "writing at his most frank."

The elevations of would-be clever-dickery and simpering undergrad smut above so much authentic sex poetry typifies the overall hypocritical debasement. There's next to nothing beyond a few modish gestures by or for women. Selima Hill can only be in because, unlike Sappho or Bessie Smith, she's a fashionable hypee of the day. The vignette recalling her Gran saying "Ah, bless your little cotton socks!" is sheer sewing-circle genteel — about as blue as Pam Ayres on *Blue Peter*.

Fleur Adcock — whose *Faber Book of Women's Poetry* was also re-edited by Raine — contributes an earnest ode to wanking: "Five minutes are enough to fill/that gap between the Sunday papers and lunch." It evokes the most likely functions for this perfumed farrago of pseudo-intellectual porn in the rest-rooms of loveless yuppies.

Books & Bookmen

■ **BOOKSELLERS wanted one of the two Chatto & Windus titles on the shortlist to win the Booker Prize as both A.S. Byatt's *Possession* and Mordecai Richler's *Solomon Gursky Was Here* are, at £13.95 each, 96 pence more expensive than John McGahern's and Brian Moore's books; £1 more expensive than Penelope Fitzgerald's and £3 dearer than Beryl Bainbridge's slim volume. There's significantly more in the till from a £13.95 book than from a £10.95 one.**

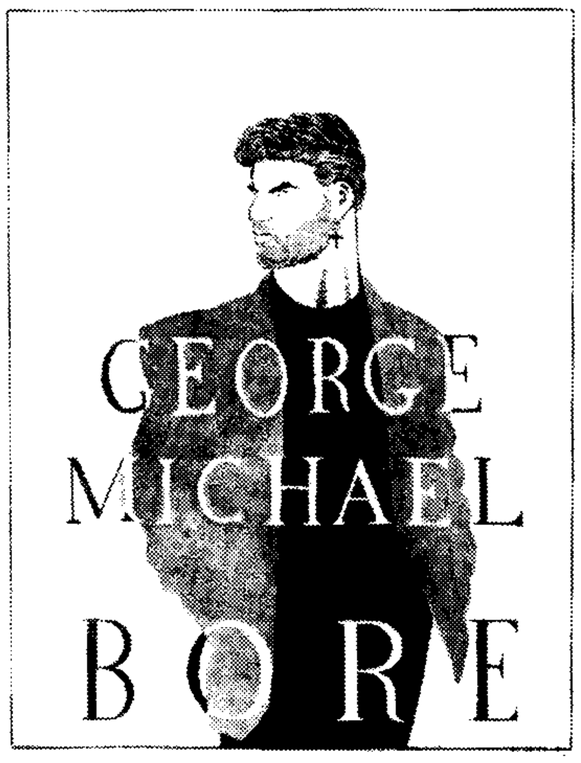
A.S. Byatt duly one. Maggie Gee, who wore ridiculous blue trainers, complained of *Possession* that there were "too many meals with too much food in the book", but this was equally true of the TV ceremony.

There was the usual disgusting shots of Snipcock and Tweed eating, causing Sarah Dunnant to remark: "Let's move on. They're half way through their lamb" or "They're already on to their liqueur. I'm going to stop you."

It seems unlikely the winning book or any of the shortlisted titles will do particularly well in the shops with the nation's booksellers unable to make up their minds whether the Booker titles should be discounted to stimulate sales. When Terry Maher of Pentos, proprietor of Dillons, Athena and Hatchard's, telephoned the five shortlisted publishers a few days before the result was announced and told them he was going to lop a couple of quid or more off the price and asked the publishers to supply 2,500 copies of each of the six novels to his warehouse immediately, they were delighted.

The publishers, not for the first time, had agreed without remembering that Clive "Lockjaw" Bradley, chief executive of the Publishers' Association would, within minutes, be reprimanding them for their misbehaviour and reading the riot act about the arcane glories of the net book agreement. Sir Simon Hornby, chairman of W.H. Smith, doesn't want to lose his disintegrating monopoly in the high street and understands that when the NBA goes there will be precious little incentive for Smug to go on stocking even the few titles it now does. Hornby alerted the Booksellers' Association who nobbled Lockjaw.

Bestsellers **No. 94**



"The most significant pop autobiography ever written"
– DAILY MAIL

☐ WHAT A delight to see the distinguished interviewer and novelist A.N. Wilson at the Booker Prize dinner congratulating A.S. Byatt on her win with a Judas kiss.

What a contrast the following day when he reported on the event for the *Evening Standard*. He was sycophantic about Beryl Bainbridge, his next-door neighbour in North London who sat on his knee throughout the ceremony and who at one point seemed to be removing an annoying strand of lamb from his teeth with her own, but he was withering about the victorious novelist A.S. Boot. Both her appearance and dress sense came under attack before he acknowledged her "fine novel".

■ THE *Grauniad's* leering, centaur-like arts reporter Nicholas de Jongh has been entrusted with the task of editing this year's *Bedside Guardian*, to be published next week.

One of Nicky's innovations is to include potted biographies (composed by himself) of all the hacks whose work is in the anthology. Alas, this turns out to be nothing more than an excuse to pursue bitchy vendettas against certain colleagues whom he dislikes — notably Jocelyn Targett, the oversexed and peroxide-haired deputy editor of *Weekend Guardian*, whose entry reads thus: "Jocelyn Targett: born in 1965, she won the *Guardian* Student Media Award in 1987. She graduated from Cambridge University in 1988..."

This is largely accurate — except that, as de Jongh well knows, Jocelyn Targett is a man.

☐ *IT WAS strongly rumoured at Frankfurt earlier in the month that the last of the great independent British publishers, Hodder & Stoughton, was keen to find a sympathetic buyer. Jeffrey Archer was still with them, but for how much longer? He'd dumped his literary agent, Debbie Owen, and signed up with HarperCollins in the States. He employs Richard Cohen of Hutchinson as a freelance "editor" for his books, but it looks as if Hodder think the Dirty Digger would be the best bet as new owner. But does he have the money?*

'Bookworm'

Accountancy

Not very constructive

SOME NASTY skeletons have emerged from the Coopers & Lybrand cupboard in the wake of an expensive libel action that was settled last week.

The result was that *Construction News* agreed to pay one David Morrell £101,000 in damages and the latter's costs, which amounted to a further £225,000. The magazine's own costs probably brought its total bill to £750,000.

Construction News got itself into this pickle when it published a long review in November 1987 of a book Mr Morrell had written entitled *Indictment: Power and Politics in the Construction Industry*. In the book, Mr Morrell charted the rise and fall of Mitchell Construction, the company of which he was chairman.

Mitchell went into receivership in early 1973, following its disastrous involvement in a project to build an underground power station on the north bank of the Kariba Dam in Zambia. Ostensibly a Zambian affair, the project was in fact a political conspiracy to provide cheap power to Rhodesia — at the time ostracised by sanctions. Mitchell was unaware of all this and could not understand why the rock conditions were much worse than the consulting engineers' report had guaranteed and why those same consultants consistently refused to certify work Mitchell had done.

The reason was that the project had to fit the available cash — a limited amount of frozen Rhodesian funds and World Bank loans. When it became clear it would not, the squeeze was put on Mitchell. Anxious to avoid "pouring more money down that hole in central Africa", Mr Morrell began preparing possible courses of action with the company's financial advisers, Coopers & Lybrand (now Coopers & Lybrand Deloitte). At the last minute, a diktat came down from Coopers' senior partners that time was of the essence and there was no alternative to receivership. The accounting firm's nominated receiver then effectively sold the company within hours of his appointment.

What Mitchell and Mr Morrell did *not* know was that Coopers & Lybrand were also the auditors for the Central African Power Corporation, the Rhodesian entity that was to be the true beneficiary of the Kariba project. CAPCO, as it was known, also acted as the client's agent on the job. Both Coopers and CAPCO clearly had a vested interest in sweeping the affair under the carpet by disposing of Mitchell through receivership rather than risk the whole sordid business becoming public in the litigation that would have followed Mitchell simply pulling out of Zambia — a perfectly feasible course that would have cost the company only £1.8 million. (Mitchell's balance sheet listed its work in progress of £12.29 million, which was a very conservative valuation, and considerable assets. For example, the company had owned 12.5 acres of land adjacent to Heathrow airport.)

Again unknown to Mitchell at the time, Coopers had prepared a 200-page "hatchet" report to support its case that the position of the company was so parlous there was no alternative to receivership. This was an astonishing document full of patent inaccuracies — it represented the value of the company's work in progress at just over £5.5 million, ignored many of its assets and suggested it was using money from the Kariba project to cover losses on other contracts. As Mitchell was undercertified to the tune of more than £4 million at Kariba, this claim was ridiculous.

It was similar suggestions in the *Construction News* review — that Mr Morrell was juggling the company's finances and deceiving his shareholders — that led him to sue for libel. Coopers has since aided the magazine in the protracted action that ended in Monday's expensive capitulation.

Perhaps the accounting firm will chip in with a worthwhile contribution. After all, a note from Mr Morrell's first meeting with his solicitor reveals that he would have settled immediately for £10,000 and an apology.

Channel tunnel

Ecu what a scorcher...

EUROTUNNEL has finally raised the extra £2,000 million it needs from the banks by resorting to the one type of backing which is specifically forbidden — public subsidy.

Article 1 of the Channel tunnel treaty, signed by Mrs Thatcher and President Mitterrand in Canterbury on 2 February 1986 declared: "The Channel fixed link shall be financed without recourse to government funds or to government guarantees of a financial or commercial nature."

This was a basic requirement of the prime minister and the final part of the clause was inserted to ensure that clever schemers in the British and French civil services did not circumvent her high-minded stand on principle. This was to be her flagship, the crown of her career, and there would be no whiff of state money about it.

Now the unmentionable has happened to enable the project to be completed (unless there are more mechanical or financial upsets) and a state subsidy has been obtained.

Alistair Morton, the boss of Eurotunnel, set out this summer to win yet more money from the banks. As the *Eye* told him, he would not succeed and indeed was forced to turn to the European Investment Bank.

It may call itself a bank, but it has no customers with current or deposit accounts, no clerks scowling behind glass screens, no people wanting overdrafts, no chequebooks, no credit cards — indeed no individual shareholders expecting dividends. What it does have is a board of governors — the British governor being the Chancellor of the Exchequer, John Major — and a board of directors, the British representative being someone well known to the PM. Roger Lavelle was a high flyer in the Treasury until 1987. He was then promoted to the Cabinet Office at 10 Downing Street and from there was posted to the bank's headquarters in Luxembourg.

The bank was set up in 1958 by the Treaty of Rome and its capital is provided by the EC's 12 member states. It raises money on the capital markets and is given the lowest rates of interest because everyone knows it enjoys backing from 12 governments. It then lends the money to projects which it judges worthy at a higher rate. Asking it for a loan is like borrowing from the government — in other words it hands out subsidies.

It must also be distressing for the prime minister that its normal currency is one she insists does not exist — the Ecu — and its loan to Eurotunnel will be 428 million Ecus, to make up £300 million.

Morton will grab the state subsidy and run and his next stop will be to launch an appeal to British under-writers and shareholders to provide him with another £500 million. The banks have put up their loans on condition that the market also declares its confidence.

Last time the under-writers were left with 20 percent of the shares and they were not amused. Some of them, like Robert Maxwell, will not be feeling so free with their cash this time. As for the shareholders, they might care to contemplate the gloomy words expressed by Morton when he was depressed about raising all the money he needed: "The shareholders may not survive. They face the real risk, and always have done, because the banks own the security. But if the project does go bust, the capitalist process will take over and the project will get finished. I think the Government would let the shareholders lose their money."

Manx News

The eight-year itch

THE SAVINGS and Investment Bank saga (see *Eyes passim*) continues to rumble on in the Isle of Man, where on Tuesday 30 October yet another inquiry begins.

This one will look at why there was an eight-year delay in bringing criminal prosecutions — a delay that led to the collapse of the criminal trial in April this year. (The bank folded in 1982 with debts of £42 million.) Mr Anthony May QC, who will lead the inquiry, will examine whether the steps taken to bring the prosecutions were "adequate and timely".

During the April criminal hearings it became obvious that they were far from adequate. While the prosecutors' net must have had excessively fine mesh to have entrapped some of those who found themselves in the dock, there also appeared to be some startling omissions. Where, for instance, were Michael Morris, Kenneth Fincken, Gil Hunter and Jim Raper? These were the chaps who had the bank's millions and now live the high life in different parts of the world.

What Mr May might not know, but might like to examine, is why the police were not permitted to pursue their investigations into these men's activities. The investigation, headed by the Metropolitan fraud squad, was paid for by the Manx government. It was one of the Met's most frustrating investigations because on several occasions the paymaster stopped the Met from going down certain avenues — such as those leading to the above mentioned men.

With regard to the steps being "timely", it would appear that timing was a key factor throughout the eight years. However, Mr May might well find the timing related more to which hat people put on at which time than to an orderly pursuit of justice.

The court appointed liquidators, Michael Jordan and Timothy Beer, were also two of the court-appointed inspectors examining the bank's collapse; the island's attorney general, William Cain, was the crown-appointed criminal prosecutor as well as legal adviser to the Manx government, which was being sued by the bank's depositors for £14 million and discovered it was only insured for £8 million; the two Manx politicians, Percy Radcliffe and Edgar Mann, who headed the treasury at the time it was responsible for supervising and regulating banks on the island were threatened with personal ruin by civil actions pursued by depositors; the treasury officer, Peter Duncan, responsible for administering banking supervision, was taking commission from the bank for introducing business.

The only really consistent person throughout has been Bill Dawson, then and now the Manx treasurer. His consistency has been to refuse to cooperate with the inspectors by allowing them access to treasury files.

Many islanders find it odd that he has never been sacked. When he retires with his handsome pension it will be another kick in the teeth for those of the bank's depositors who lost their life savings in the collapse.

In the City

IT IS ALL clearly becoming too much for Asil Nadir as the vultures circle over Polly Peck — or what may be left after the bankers have taken the arms and legs.

The word is that, in addition to his goon squad, Asil has now hired a firm of high-powered American private detectives. He — or is it Polly Peck or some middle man? — are said to have engaged the services of Fairfax which handles security and specialised investigations.

Fairfax, based just outside Washington, is heavy with former "spooks" from such backgrounds as the National Security Council, as well as the usual crew of ex-FBI men. Fairfax is understood to have hired a number of local private detective sub-contractors in Britain.

Not yet clear is the assignment given to Fairfax and its team of men in dirty raincoats. This will most certainly not include seeking compromising information concerning Asil's fans at the Serious Fraud Office or those in the financial press who have spread the vile calumnies linking Nadir to the share dealing of Jason Davies and the activities of South Audley Management.

Perhaps more likely is an intensive search to reveal the undisputed Greek relatives, friends, homes and bank accounts of those senior SFO officials who are on Asil's case as well as of their contacts in the press.

Asil and his mouthpieces still persist in pushing the Greek conspiracy theory to those naive enough to listen. Recently they have even encouraged some newspapers to print that agents of the Cypriot government spread the totally false stories about the Inland Revenue and stock exchange probes into alleged tax evasion, insider dealing and market manipulation which made Polly Peck come unglued. Unfortunately the Asil camp is — surprise, surprise — somewhat short of facts.

One fact the men from Uncle Sam might just stumble over is that David Barchard, the *Financial Times*'s former man in Turkey and now part of the *FT*'s Polly Peck squad, used to contribute book reviews for Asil's *Turquoise* magazine published in northern Cyprus. Barchard was listed as a contributor as recently as the summer 1990 issue.

Nadir appears to believe that if he can somehow show that he is the victim of persecution he can persuade bankers and shareholders to help fill the yawning black hole in the accounts, still of undefined dimensions but located in an Eastern Mediterranean Triangle somewhere in Turkey — or is it northern Cyprus?

This gambit is as likely to succeed as his legal move — which was never on — to persuade the SFO to tell him what it knows and who told it, other than former Polly Peck executive Tim Wood. Wood, who handled cash transfers at Polly Peck and worked at SAM, appears to have taken a leaf out of the Olivier Roux book for worried executives who think the inspector may call: call first.

More reassuring to bankers and shareholders alike might be explanations to the following: why investigating accountants Coopers & Lybrand Deloitte found so much difficulty in obtaining access to the private bank in northern Cyprus through which Nadir handles much, if not all, his local payments; what stockbroker Jason Davies, a former director/employee of SAM which is controlled by a Nadir family trust, was doing in northern Cyprus when Asil hardly knows him and the SFO is keen to know him better; why SAM's main director and Nadir's personal adviser Elizabeth Forsyth — who disappeared from London just ahead of the SFO — remains in Switzerland out of reach of the SFO; and, if there is nothing to hide about SAM, why are Davies and Forsyth hiding from the SFO?

To date shareholders have been given the mushroom treatment without any intervention by their supposed "protectors" — the stock exchange, the Bank of England or the supposedly independent non-executive directors.

The latter have shown doglike devotion to their paymaster, chastising his critics and rejecting his offers to step down as chairman. But then they would, wouldn't they? The cash flow problems that now threaten to sink the company and the suspect buying and selling of Polly Peck shares by offshore companies all went down while they were there. They stood by while Tony Reading was eased out when he displayed a little too much independence, or was it curiosity? It is maybe a little late to discover Asil may not be so much Turkish Delight as the Terrible Turk.

It is also hard to be enthusiastic about either Neil Mills, who when at Lloyd's brokers Sedgewick was not unknown to offshore reinsurance rip-off artists Peter Cameron-Webb and Peter Dixon, or Sir Michael Sandberg.

While Sandberg headed Hong Kong & Shanghai Banking Corporation it ended up mega-millions out of pocket, first to Carrian conman George Tan and then to Australian near- bankrupt Alan Bond. Not that this interfered with Sandberg's pleasant retirement to the average bank chairman's modest homes in the South of France and Knightsbridge.

Despite Polly Peck owing more than £1 billion and Nadir personally owing probably £100 million-plus there has been no rush to draft Sandberg as the all too obviously needed tough, independent chairman with banking experience. Funny that!

NEWS THAT Sir Jams Goldsmith has "gone green", abandoning the pursuit of billions to campaign for preserving the rain forests and ending nuclear power, will come as a surprise to those outside *The Times*.

It is hard to see how the man who fought so hard to unbundle BAT and keep its death dealing, environmentally friendly tobacco side was a friend of the earth.

Equally lacking in green credentials might appear to be swapping more than a million acres of US timberland mostly used for logging for a stake in a major US gold mining group, not to mention proudly developing part of one of Mexico's last forests for a personal Xanadu.

But then the Goldsmith-linked Zeus Security was used to spy on British anti-nuclear protestors several years ago. And today he still has interests in oil exploration and production in Guatemala, whose government's colour is more blood red than green.

Through the cigar smoke *The Times* did at least spot the real reason behind this conversion: "I have always campaigned that the right should not abandon the overwhelming issues facing the world to the left." Goldsmith is worried the times may be a-changing, and not to his advantage.

Doubtless the jolly green giant was far too busy to concern himself with the misfortunes of his erstwhile business associate Charles Keating. The one-time second biggest shareholder in Goldsmith's master company General Oriental was last week released from prison after almost a month in custody.

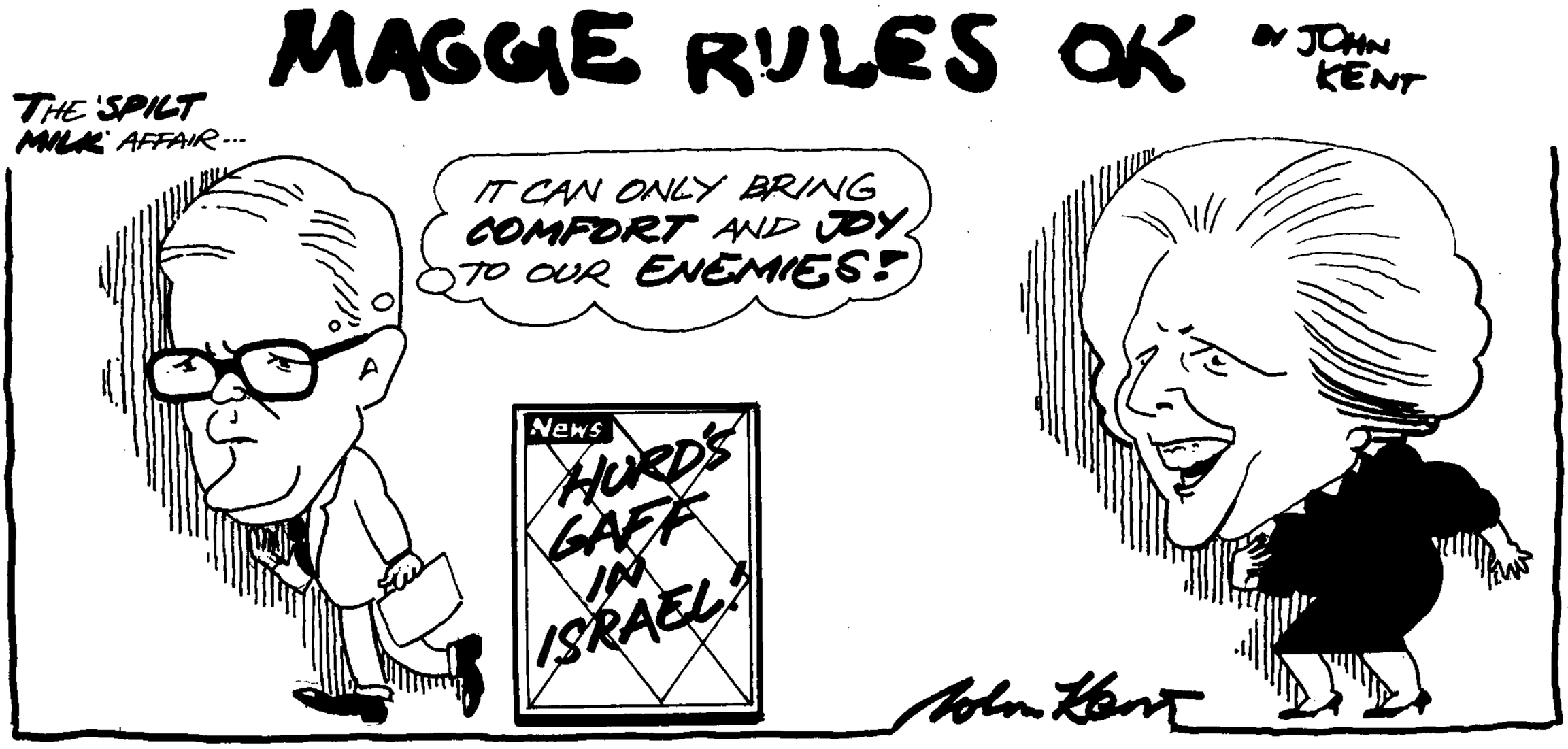
Keating, a once politically influential right-winger, has been indicted in Los Angeles with defrauding investors who paid $200 million for bonds in his American Continental group. These became worthless when the Keating-pillaged Lincoln Savings & Loan collapsed at an estimated cost to the US taxpayer of $2 billion. Goldsmith was not involved in the management of Lincoln or American Continental or aware of the fraud.

Keating was unable to make the $5 million bail. It took a number of legal moves to get this reduced to $300,000, a figure his family could meet. Keating claims he is broke.

DUNSDALE Securities' Robert Miller will no doubt continue to enjoy life on bail after he reappears in court this week. The stage is being set for an effective plea bargain designed to ensure Miller spends the minimum amount inside for defrauding clients of at least £6 million.

Miller's victims, many lost their life savings to his Ponzi scheme, would do well to make themselves heard before the usual pleas in mitigation — no money, no job, ever so sorry, won't do it again, health problems, impact on family — result in a rap on the knuckles-style sentence. Not every judge reads the market as well as Mr Justice Henry.

'Slicker'


MAGGIE RULES OK
BY JOHN KENT
THE 'SPILT MILK' AFFAIR...
IT CAN ONLY BRING COMFORT AND JOY TO OUR ENEMIES!
News
HURD'S GAFF IN ISRAEL!

Hongkong

Flied lies?

A NEW BROOM has arrived to sweep the dirt under the carpet in Hongkong. He is John Wood, fresh from a Guinness triumph as head of the serious fraud office, and he has taken over as the colony's director of public prosecutions.

When in London, Wood, a career bureaucrat who exudes anything but the image of a dynamic fraud-fighter, was known as "the Nodding Donkey". Once it was disclosed that he had taken the Hongkong shilling he became "the Chinese Takeaway".

Wood will not have far to look to begin his tour of duty. Christopher Harris, the legal department's ex-vice chief, is on bail awaiting his appeal against an 18-month sentence for attempting to arrange the rape of the 13-year-old daughter of a neighbour. Warwick Reid, one of Wood's predecessors as DPP, is just starting an eight-year sentence for corruption. Three of Wood's legal department colleagues are awaiting trial for helping Reid escape from Hongkong last Christmas.

Reid is now a "guest" of the Independent Commission against Corruption (ICAC), which has kept him in its offices lest an "accident" happen to him. He may yet star in proceedings against some of the colony's leading lawyers and other members of Wood's office. More old cases are being reopened as Reid admits the legal department was paid for "favours".

One problem Wood faces is the continuing battle to extradite ex-Bumiputra finance chief, Lorrain Osman, from Pentonville where he has been on remand for five years to stand trial with George Tan in the Carrian case. Warwick Reid handled the Osman prosecution and there are rumours that the Crown's chief witness, ex-Bumiputra general manager Ibrahim Jaafar, may have crossed Warwick Reid's palm to see that he was granted immunity from prosecution.

Jaafar has admitted that he took US $11m in bribes from George Tan, so a bit of petty cash to the legal department may have been a wise investment. The Carrian/BMF affair has been dragging on for more than six years and has cost the Hongkong government more than HK $350 million. The embarrassment of losing one trial, when George Tan and his codefendants were acquitted in 1987 after the most expensive trial in Hongkong's history would be nothing compared with the furore if millions more dollars have been poured into losing yet another legal shambles.

The Carrian affair rumbles on in Hongkong and Malaysia mainly due to Lorrain Osman's refusal to be scapegoated. It is becoming clear that, despite self-serving denials, the parent bank of BMF, BBMB, and the Malaysian government were at all times aware of the loans in Hongkong to George Tan and Carrian. In fact the largest loans were instigated from Malaysia, primarily by Tengku Razaleigh, then finance minister, who needed substantial funds to fight elections for deputy prime minister in 1981. George Tan was always obliging; he had no real choice as without Malaysian political and thus economic support he would never have been created.

While Hongkong boomed so did George Tan and his backers, who were able to funnel money back to Malaysia to keep UMNO, the ruling Malaysian party, strong. This was until late 1982 when Thatcher banged heads with Deng in Beijing and the reverberations caused a big slump in Hongkong. Malaysian PM Mahathir ordered that monies be poured into Carrian to keep it afloat, but the haemorrhage was too great.

Of course BMF was not the only substantial creditor. Hongkong and Shanghai Bank, under its then chairman Sir Michael Sandbert, had lent more than it has ever admitted and was snatching security back from Carrian with the nod of approval of Hongkong's supine administration.

The death knell sounded twice in July 1983: once for BMF manager Jalil Ibrahim, and the other time for Carrian. On 18 July 1983, Jalil's body was found in a banana plantation. He had been strangled. Mak Foon Than was convicted of the murder and is currently serving a life sentence on Lantau Island. But there were many mysteries surrounding his trial.

Why did he first claim that Tengku Razaleigh had sent him to Hongkong and then later deny it? Where are the 24 pages of his confession that he claims named leading Malaysian politicians, including Razaleigh? And who was the mysterious civil servant, Bob Mushet, who was present at the confessions as an interpreter even though Mak speaks perfect English?

Is it possible that the pages were spirited away by the Foreign Office and that later improvements in UK/Malaysian trade and foreign relations were achieved with the help of a little arm twisting by the FCO, holding as it did the "smoking gun" which would have destroyed the Malaysian political leadership? There are informed whispers that the destruction of Carrian in Hongkong was manufactured to achieve just such an end.

All, of course, would have been for the best — for the Malaysian political leadership, for the British arms trade and for Thatcher's favourite builders who trailed through Malaysia picking up orders following the surprise reversal of Mahathir's "Buy British Last" policy.

All would have been quietly disposed of had it not been for Lorrain Osman, who has objected to being cast as scapegoat. After all, somebody has to be blamed when almost US $500m goes missing from a government bank; but one thing is sure: it won't be the government or politicians.

To the disbelief of all experienced observers of Malaysian politics, it was claimed that the money was lost only by Osman, who was part-time chairman of BMF, and his fellow directors. The disbelief stems from the quaint notion that so much money could be allowed to go walkabout without much of it sticking to political fingers.

Osman seems determined the truth will out while the Foreign Office and Hongkong government seem anxious that that is precisely what will *not* happen. Sir Piers Jacobs and Francis Maude have both issued public interest immunity certificates preventing disclosure of more than 150 documents, some of which were signed by David Gillmore, now permanent secretary of the FCO, when high commissioner in Malaysia, others signed by Sir Geoffrey Howe and the late governor of Hongkong, Sir Edward Youde.

FROM HERE

Time is an essential ingredient in the creation of Glengoyne Single Highland Malt Scotch Whisky. Just

TO THE

growing the oak for the barrels in which Glengoyne slumbers to maturity takes 100 years. After which time,

FOOT OF

the best of the timber is selected and left to dry another year before the finished casks can be crafted. Later, the

THE PAGE

seasoned oak and the unique southern highland air work their magic for a further ten summers and

TAKES

winters as they mellow the infant Glengoyne to perfection. Which all helps to explain Glengoyne's

111 YEARS.

glorious light, golden colour and distinctive soft, mellow taste. Ten years old? Don't believe a word of it.

GLENGOYNE

SLOWLY DOES IT.

GOLF PRINT OFFER

PRICE £27.50

"Now Charles play the game. No blowing"

This period golf print has been published in a strictly limited edition of 5000, on fine art paper and is presented in an acid free mount with a quality British made frame. (Total size approx. 280 x 230 mm)

To pay by credit card please phone **081 426 9099**

or send a cheque/postal order made payable to:
JEREMIAH FINE ART, P.O. Box 465
Harrow, Middx. HA2 OLJ

Name.....

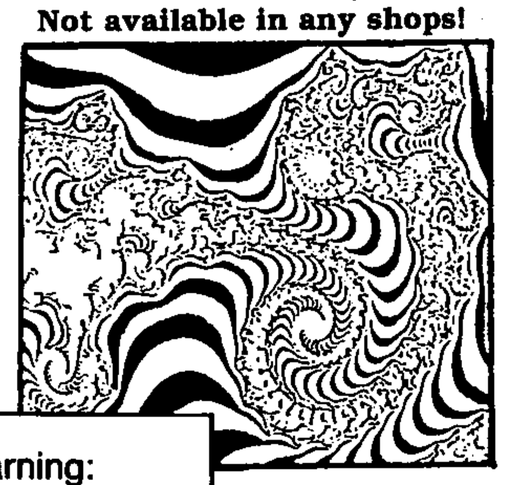
Address .....

THAT BOOK

The Things They Don't Teach You In School

BY MIKE ROCK

Read it and see for yourself.
Not available in any shops!



Government Health Warning:
THIS BOOK CONTAINS MATERIAL WHICH MAY BE HAZARDOUS TO THE HEALTH OF THE GOVERNMENT

only **£2.95** Including Postage and Packaging

Send to: **Those Publishers.**
60 Regents Park Road Finchley London N3 3JH. 081 343 0188

OLIVETTI LAPTOP M 15 +

- 20Mb
- 512K RAM
- BACKLIT DISPLAY
- MAINS/BATTERY POWER

UNDER HALF LIST PRICE!

IBM compatible laptop PC inc 20Mb hard disk, 3½" floppy, backlit 10" screen & option of mains/NiCad battery power. Inc MS DOS 3.3. and carrying case **List price £1650.**

£599 + VAT

Morgan Computer Co.
64-72 NEW OXFORD STREET, WC1. 071-255 2115
179 TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD, W1. 071-636 1138

the original backward clock !

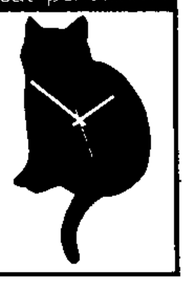
With anticlockwise hands and numbers you can still tell the time, but you have to think! This 11" Dia. 'Backward' clock has a precision quartz movement, and is white with a choice of face colours: BLACK, RED & GREY. **£19.95** plus £1.50 p&p.

NAUGHTY ANIMALS !

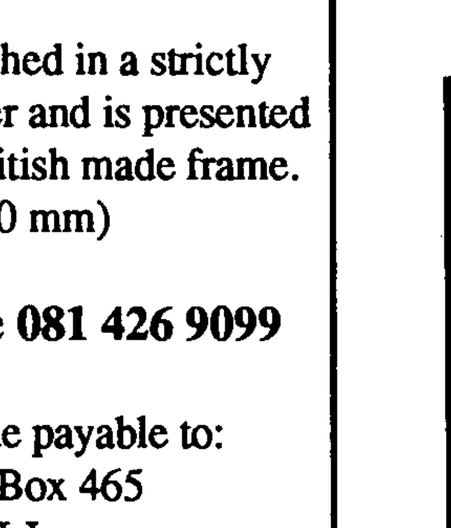
Crazy Monkey with pendulum action banana ! 11" tall quartz wall clock also available as Randy Rabbit with wagging carrot ! **£23.45** plus £1.50 p&p.

black cat pendulum !

The amazing black cat silhouette clock with swinging tail! **£19.95** plus £1.50 p&p (15" overall).
Also available; Dog and Horse styles
Accutec Designs Ltd. (PE)
1, West Street, Reigate,
Surrey RH2 9BL. Tel: 0737 242576
VISA or ACCESS welcome — just Phone!
S.A.E. for these and other clocks.



Can you solve this puzzle faster than Einstein?



π	π	√	√	28
π	π	π	π	24
⌯	⌯	%	√	42
√	%	⌯	π	36
?	34	36	28	

HOW TO SOLVE THE PUZZLE

The different symbols have different values. Added together they give the totals shown. Work out the missing total for the left hand column.

If you can solve this puzzle, you could be eligible to join Mensa. The High IQ Society. Cut out the coupon for further details and a copy of the self-administered test.
To: MENSA, FREEPOST, WOLVERHAMPTON WV2 1BR. (No stamp required)

NAME_____

ADDRESS_____ 5/PE/J/26

POST CODE_____

Mensa

QUICK, NEAT AND EASY!

PRIVATE EYE BINDERS

Each binder holds 26 issues – a year's worth – and is attractively bound in dark blue with the PRIVATE EYE logo in white on the spine.

The UK price is now £6.50 including postage, packing and VAT. For overseas orders please add 35p.

WHY NOT PLACE YOUR ORDER NOW?
Send the completed order form below with your remittance to: Private Eye Binders, Mortimer House, 230 Lavender Hill, London SW11. Telephone 071 228 0425

ORDER FORM

I enclose PO/cheque value £ . . . . . for . . . . Private Eye binders *or*

please charge ☐ ACCESS ☐ VISA Card expires:___/___

Card number:

NAME . . . . . .

ADDRESS. . . . . .

. . . . . DATE. . . . . .

Please print and use the postcode

PRIVATE EYE SMALLS 071 734 6887

VAT INCLUSIVECLASSIFIED ADVERTISMENTS

£1.15 per word for private advertisers. £1.50 per word for trade/business advertisers. Semi-displayed adverts £3.00 per word. Allocation of BOX NUMBER £6.00 for private advertisers, £10.00 trade/business advertisers. Send your advertisement plus remittance with your name, address and telephone number to PRIVATE EYE SMALLS, 6 Carlisle Street, London W1V 5RG. Also use this address to reply to box numbers. ACCESS/VISA cardholders may dictate ads on 071 734 6887 (24 hrs). Submit advertisements to arrive at least 10 days before issue date. We regret there may be a delay before publication of EYE LOVE advertisements due to demand.

Please send your ads by 29th October for inclusion in our next issue

"It is very much a case of counting every penny, whereas before one didn't even know how to spell the word 'penny'. "
£993 p.m. mortgage payer, 1990

THE FIRST is a year. The second is a name. The third is a thought from within... The seventh is the game. Interested? Fax your name, telephone number, quoting ref "DJF/CAQ" to: 081-569 1133.

IAN WILSON — your loss. ALISON.

ROCKWEILER/MUPPET howling/ wailing. Hernias/ Piles?

BBC DOCUMENTARY — are you a man aged 35+ who is, or has recently been, in an intense and obsessive relationship with a woman which has controlled and changed your life? We are looking for contributors for a series of documentaries on men. Please phone JAMES or MARK on 081-207 8022. Sincere callers only. NOTE: Wrong phone number in last issue's ad. If you failed to get through, please try again!

LIMA — the Señor in Depto 302 — are you receiving me?

WANTED: DICKHEAD (A. Moron, Robin B'Stard, I.M. Smelly). Have you got a silly, unusual, appropriate or embarrassing name? Would you like to take part in a TV documentary? Replies to Box 0153.

PISSTAKING is Alternative Comedy. (Geddit?)

IRIS (ex of Peter) Hill. You were in Gwendwr Road 1982. Cathy & Chloe? Coming soon — call 041-634 6648. Cornwall/ Ayrshire/ Scotland?

DRACHEN THEAKER — would someone please tell him I have his painting for him. 071-636 0409.

HEATHER STERLING! No letter arrived. Please telephone a.s.a.p. and leave contact number. M.R.B.

RYN RYN. Thanks for the rest of my life. WOBBLEY.

"SCALPTURES — PDQ" commissions for Christmas now being accepted.

"THE MASTERS QUIZ" — for details, ring 0206 574727 (24 hours).

MABEL LUCIE ATTWELL. Quality memorabilia wanted. Postcards, china, books, etcetera. Cash paid. Phone 0273 478070.

PSORIASIS? No more outbreaks. Contact BLACK FOREST CLINIC 081 361 5448.

PREGNANT? Suspect your obstetrician is talking through his stethoscope? Get The Assertive Pregnancy for the truth about the system and the way to beat it. £5.00 only from 26 Church Street, Hampton, Middlesex TW12 2EG.

VD AND AIDS. Regents Park Clinic offers skilled and experienced health care in complete confidence. AIDS testing and counselling — same day results. Full VD screening for men and women. Same-day appointments, open all week. 071-402 2208. 184 Gloucester Place, London NW1, 5 mins Baker Street tube.

ARREST BALDNESS. Natural proven treatment with amazing results. £9.75 plus £1 p&p PO to Box 0753.

HERPES? No more outbreaks. Contact BLACK FOREST CLINIC 081 361 5448.

FAINT HEARTED? Get 'em started with some suggestive activities — lose a few inhibitions and clothes with Risqué (£12.50) or — more daring — Rather More Risqué (£12.50), combined £19.50 from OPG, Lambert House, 104 Station Parade, Harrogate, N. Yorks HG1 1HQ.

PENS inscribed "I would like to take you to bed. If you agree, please keep this pen. If not return it as I am running short". Also "Accept this and kiss me for Christmas — or return it and come to bed for a Christmas ****!" Three for £4.25, six for £7.75, 12 for £12.99. Orders can be mixed. Cheques/Pos DESCENT, 24 Port Street, Annan DG12 6BN.

CAR GRAPHICS for your heap. "Le Fart", easily applied vinyl adheres to body panels. Green, red, gold (state). £10 cheques/Pos: GET NOTICED, 392 Ferry Road, Edinburgh EH5 3QG.

BRILLIANT reproductions of classic American tin advertising signs. Prices from £13.50 to £22, including postage. Send £1 for catalogue (refundable with purchase): JAMES TRADING COMPANY, 2A Jubilee Road, Aldershot, Hants GU11 3QF.

HAVE YOUR personal fantasy drawn by a professional illustrator. 081-806 7480.

MEXICAN HAMMOCKS — 071-226 4477.

"SCALPTURES — PDQ"
Superb personalised 3D caricatures — many delighted customers. For our free brochure call
0952 883994/Fax 0952 677233

BALLOON FLIGHTS — anywhere (almost!). 0272 633333.

NOVELTY A level and Degree certificates. Looks impressive and almost genuine. Send £7.50 to MR P. QUINN, 54 Murat Street, Waterloo, Liverpool L22 8QW.

OFFENSIVE Christmas cards. 081-547 3240.

RIC'S CARICATURES from photos, also available for conferences, parties, etc. 081-441 6607.

LITTLE BUGGER automatically tapes telephone conversations — £27.50. Other devices. Visa/Access. 0983 64024.

FLYING DUCKS/ Pigs etc, etc, £15.95 a set. Send for our wall plaque catalogue! Large 27p SAE to: INTO DESIGN, 28 Eastern Place, Brighton Access/Visa.

CARTOONS of you or yours make memorable Christmas cards/gifts. Details: CARTOONCRAFT, Lilac Cottage, East Hanney, Oxon OX12 0HX.

BALLOON FLIGHTS £95 around London. 081-840 0108.

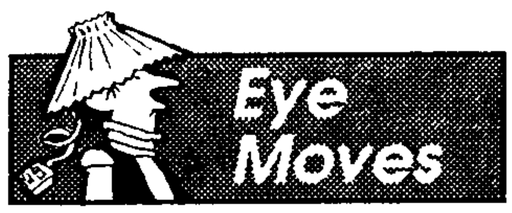
HOROSCOPE — personal birthchart and comprehensive 10-page interpretation. Ideal gift! £15.50. Phone 0244 335622.

TURN HER ON with a subliminal tape. £10. W. MILLAR. Box 0253.

LOIRE FARM house, 4 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, garages, annexe, possible 6 hectares surrounding land. 700,000 francs. CHAUVEAU - J., 5 Rue des Abricotiers, Prades 66500, France.

SCOTLAND. Fishing village 50 miles Aberdeen. Business premises, 2 small cottages modernised, garden. Owners moving abroad. £50,000. Tel 0224 723737 (SINCLAIR).

BRIGHTON. 2 bed, 2 bath 1st floor flat in beautiful gardens with communal swimming pool and sauna. £75K. Tel 0273 502512 to view.



JAMES REMOVALS — Household and office, small to large – local and national. Telephone 071 431 1713.

REMOVALS/Deliveries. Any distance. 071-373 0175/373 6241.

SPACIOUS VAN with driver to help. ALAN TURNER, 081-348 6836.

HARD WATER scaling eliminated. No plumbing, money-back guarantee. 081-691 1291.

MICRO-MINIATURE transmitter for discreet surveillance. Works with ordinary radio. £14.95. Access/Visa 0273 203500 or cheque to BULL ELECTRONICS, 250 Portland Road, Hove, Sussex.

BRASS PLAQUES 081-640 6639.

HELLO VOLKS. Restored VW Beetles £3,750. We Buy — Sell — Repair VW Beetles. BROOKS OLD VOLKS HOME, Princes Risborough, Bucks. 08444 4893 4592.

ALL CELLULAR batteries chargers, aerials and accessories. Superb prices. 0784 432965.

OBSCENE PHONE callers a problem? You need a Telephone Nuisance Kit. For information write to IDEAS ON TAPE, 18 Kepler Terrace, Leeds LS8 5EH.

SCREENPRINTING complete kit. Print t-shirts, posters, etc. £27.45 + £2.50 p&p to: BORROWBY DIRECT MAIL, D2, Thirsk, N. Yorks.

GROW-LIGHTS grow any plant from seed to maturity indoors or in greenhouse all year round. Free brochure SUNLIGHT SYSTEMS (Dept PE), 3 St Mary's Works, Burnmoor Street, Leicester LE2 7JJ. Tel: 0533 470490/ 470488.

"AULDE DWORKIN". 100s of antique desks at DORKING DESK SHOP, 0306 883327.

DISCREET LISTENING and recording equipment. Free catalogue. 021-411 1821.

CURRY CRAZY. Authentic Indian spices blended to traditional Goan recipes. Selection of four including vegetable. Introductory offer £5.00 inc p&p payable STRETCH UK, PO Box 29, Ware, Herts SG12 7BL (0920 467725).

1LB WILD smoked salmon sent to your friends for £18.50 inclusive of p&p. Call MARK or WILL, 071-736 9278.

PASTEL PORTRAITS made from your photographs — exquisite, reasonably priced and definitely not kitsch! Write to: CHRISSIE ADAMS, 114 Longcroft Lane, Welwyn Garden City, Hertfordshire.

OLD PERSIAN RUGS, carpets, runners. Mostly £60-2,000. Not a shop, just a shed, so telephone first. DESMOND NORTH, The Orchard, East Peckham, Kent. 0622 871 353.

WHITE CHRISTMAS? Original 1920s-50s cream bakelite telephones, immaculate condition, attractive guarantee, £250-£625. Free catalogue. OTTERSWICK PROPS, 031-667 1834.

RENEWABLE ENERGY. Hox harvesting. What it is. How it works. £5.00. VINCENT BLAMEY, 51 Hermes Pnt, W9 2AQ. 286 1999.

MALT WHISKY. Special Selection Rare Old Scotch Whiskies by the case or half-case. Delivered. Send for lists to COMRIE, Cairnie, AB54 4TB.

NOKIA TALKMAN 620. Hands-free transportable cellphone. Many features, class II power. Connected £295, 071-704 6687.

EYES 415-562. Offers 091-285 4800.

EYES 160-731 (5 missing). Offers 091-528 3068.

317 TO DATE — offers 0273 728137.

EYES 219-751. Any offers considered. 071-736 6221.

WOULD-BE pantologist desires mutual rapturous correspondence on philosophy, history, art, science. From Homer to Fukuyama. Box 0353.

RUBY MADISON: Born Natchez, Mississippi 16 December 1843. Confederate adventuress. A gringa south of the Rio Grande. Best western screenplay since Josey Wales seeks producer. Box 0453.

WRITER wants glorious Central London house-sit. Impeccable references. Box 0553.

ADULT MAGAZINES bought for cash. 081-340 9668.

PORTABLE PHONES wanted second-hand — best prices paid. Also cut-off phones reconnected to Cellnet or Vodafone regardless of history. Tel: 083 631 6375.

THE FOREMOST JOURNAL of strange phenomena — sample copy £2 from FORTEAN TIMES (P), 20 Paul Street, Frome, Somerset BA11 1DX.

DON'T BUY Colin Francome's "Sane New World" unless you want an alternative to Thatcherite policies of selfishness and greed. £4.95 from bookshops or phone 0562 515151 Access or Visa.

FARTING. The Ancient Art of Farting, a 100-page cartoon book for the slightly intellectual farter. £3.50 + 25p p&p from R&B PUBLISHING, PO Box 200, Harrogate HG2 9RB.

THE SECRET GUIDE To Computers, 14th Edition. Essential reading for all computerists. 600-page complete computer tutorial. Send cheque/PO £12.50. T. EUSTACE, 2 The Pentlands, Jevington, E. Sussex BN26 5QN.

MARQUIS DE SADE, Sacher-Masoch, Olympia Press, Luxor Press and related quality erotic literature. For your catalogue and free gift call (0836) 404152, Special Offers (0836) 404151 (Calls cost 33p per min cheap rate and 44p per min other times). DELECTUS BOOKS, Dept. S, 27 Old Gloucester Street, London WC1N 3XX.

TOPICAL BOOKS the new quarterly magazine for the bookshop browser. Recommendations only — bad books simply ignored. Unusual titles covered — totally different range from the literary press — mostly in PAPERBACK. Year's subscription: £8.50. Cheque/VISA: TOPICAL BOOKS, Glenralloch Cogitorium, Tarbert, Argyll PA29 6XX. Enclose this advertisement for free first issue. If you don't enjoy it, return for no-quibble refund.

"30 WOMEN a Month". Follow this book and you should get laid within 24 hours. Contains body language secrets — make them want you without moving your lips. Send £4.99 to R.S.I., Suite 10, 29 Harpur Road, London SE1 6AW.

DAVID MIEDZIANIK'S autobiography as featured in the Radio 4 programme "Does He Take Sugar?". £2.50 from the Child Development Research Unit, Nottingham University, Nottingham NG7 2RD. The first autistic man's autobiography.

CLASSIC ENTERTAINMENTS. Live music. 071-931 9903.

POCKET-SIZED electronic musical keyboard 1½ octaves, songbook, batteries included. £3.99. FRANCIS MUSIC, 99 Evans Road, London SE6 1QH.

JOIN CAMDEN Symphony Orchestra! Monday evenings, Gray's Inn. 071-931 9903.

JUKE BOX hire for parties. Delivered/collected. Choose from 300 oldies/80s favourites. Prices from £80, also sales. 081 318 2852.

RED SQUARE translation, teaching and consultancy for the USSR. 041-357 5190.

LEARN PIANO. Beginners/advanced. All styles. £12.50/hour. 081-846 9662.

FRENCH in your office by qualified native teacher. CHRISTINE, 071-372 1586.

GIVE a gliding gift token for a trial lesson or 1-day course. Airfield west of London. 0494 442501.

LEARN TO DRAW cartoons by post, from professionals. Good markets. Details SAE "PRESSART", 10 North Bughtlin Gate, Edinburgh EH12 8XL.

VIOLIN, viola, piano tuition. 071-931 9903.

ARCHITECTURAL STUDENT (29/m), extraordinarily experienced, conscientious, diligent, humorous, wishes to blossom in suitable practice. UK/overseas. Tel: 0449 711729.

PRIVATE EYE
Distribution Office, Clapham Junction, needs someone, mornings only, five days a week. Fast accurate typing essential, good with figures.
Reply to: GEORGE RANKIN, tel: 071-223 9971.

THE MONEY SPELL! Reveals the magic secret of wealth! Follow it exactly — ask and receive! Never fails! ££££s or thousands. This really CAN make you rich! £15 p/paid. Box 0252.

£150-PLUS per week working from home part-time. No skill required. SAE for full details to GOWER PRESS, PO Box 260, Cardiff CF2 6XT.

PROSPERITY YOURS? A chance for serious extra income. Part-time/full-time. 071-790 2072.

LORRALORRADOSH virtually for asking! Simple, legal, lucrative scheme. POB 215, Maidwell, Northants.

BE SOMEONE. Start your own successful business. Stamp for details. FREER PUBLISHING, Dept PE1, 11 Pharos Grove, Fleetwood FY7 6BH.

MANAGEMENT OPPORTUNITIES for the 90s. Telephone 081-863 3416.

JOBS OVERSEAS. 45 countries, offshore, wildlife parks, remoter areas, grasp sunny prospects abroad. SAE to E&S, Cranbrook, Laverstock Park, Salisbury SP1 1QJ.

BLACKJACK PLAYERS now have Big Winnings at their fingertips using this unique Guaranteed PROFITPLAY system! Telephone 071-723 0651 now to claim free information by post!.

SERIOUS EARNINGS for serious people — full or part time — age, qualifications immaterial. 0636 705912.

BECOME WEALTHY. Build a profitable business from home. Small capital outlay. Stamp for details to TRELOARS EXPERTISE GUIDES, 121 Wanstead Park Avenue, London E12 5EE.

EARN BIG MONEY! Sceptical? What have you got to lose? Details send SAE to R.W. BROCK, 14 Nightingale Road, East Morley, Surrey KG8 0PQ.

SERIOUS about making money? Start now! Free details. WEPCO, 61 Hetherington Road, Shepperton, Middlesex TW17 0SL.

LUCRATIVE, infallible horse betting system. Complete instructions £5. Box 0653.

SEND NO MONEY, but indicate your interest. 8,000 Eye readers wanted to each invest £200 in extremely versatile light aircraft which actually flies. Box 0853.

BRITISH COMPANY with proven business record is interested in possible investment and involvement with enterprising and innovative persons who wish to start, expand or consolidate their business. Note: We are not money-lenders; we wish to broaden our scope of activity to the benefit of both parties. Write in strictest confidence. Box 0953.

SMART INVESTOR seeking funds: 15% p.a. on three-year term contract. Box 0848.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITY of the '90s. Telephone 0839 664408 and listen.

BRILLIANT COMMUNICATOR seeks gifted lateral-thinking administrator/business brain for partnership in great money-spinner. Box 0652.

NOT JUST a telephone answering service, we are a complete base for your business in Oxford. Call XCEPTIONAL COMMUNICATIONS, (0865) 793131.

ETHICAL PENSIONS — for individuals or firms. Call 0491 32278 CHERRILL GLAVEY. FIMBRA regulated Independent Financial Advisors. Meetings in London no problem.

HOME VIDEOGRAPHERS! We convert your videotapes to/from American standard. Also transfer film to video. STABLE RECORDINGS: 0505 85488.

PROFESSIONALLY prepared Cvs. 0270 820415 for brochure.

ACCOMMODATION and answering service, West London. Shepherds Bush. 081-749 1846.

ALLTYPES Business Services — Mailing address, telephone answering, fax, secretarial services — 38 Greyhound Rd, W6. Telephone 071 381 1292/071 223 8004.

ACCOMMODATION address (Islington). Your name, our address. 071 833 3518.

CALLIGRAPHY — for your wedding and other occasions. Call MARTIN 0254 878671.

CLOCKMAKER/REPAIRER
A.G.J. Fleming FBHI.
071 228 3727.

DESKTOP PUBLISHED CVs by experienced recruitment consultant. Details from 081-509 2833.

INTERESTING LEGAL WORK WANTED
Large firm seeks variety. Interest value more important than fees.
JOHN HOWELL & CO Solicitors,
427/431 London Road,
Sheffield S2 4HJ.
Tel 0742 501000.

CONFIDENTIAL discreet mail/ message holding service. W1. 071-287 5445.

CINE TO VIDEO transfer. 071-708 5973.

YORKSHIRE family firm paints, decorates to highest professional standards. Rapid availability for traditional stylish projects. 0302 536428.

VERY DISCREET private investigations. Surveillance and counter surveillance experts. Matrimonial case experts. London area. Box 1053.

CHANGE YOUR NAME! Legal documentation only £19.50. No fuss, personal/confidential service. Stamp for details: SARAH P. JOULE & CO., PO Box 18, Redruth, Cornwall TR15 2AA.

NEWSPAPER CUTTINGS. What are Britain's newspapers saying about your subject of interest? We can tell you for £6 a week. For details please write to: WORD-IT SERVICES, 10 Church Road, Rayleigh, Essex SS6 8PN, Dept P.I. (0268) 772417.

TRANSLATIONS. Fast, professional, all major languages. Hard copy or diskette. From the heart of Europe. CONNECTION LANGUAGE SERVICES, Luxembourg. For details 010 (352) 48 55 39.

DADDY LONGLEGS offers financial assistance possibly accommodation to young lady student or similar circumstances central north London. Box 1153.

EYE WILL with Inheritance Assured. Your will produced by a solicitor for only £39.95 + VAT. Fast and efficient service, total confidentiality. Call 071-224 8090 for brochure.

KISS/STRIPAGRAM
071-286 9531

ANSAPHONE MESSAGES created to order — musical messages a speciality. JONATHAN 081 299 2593.

SHIRT LAUNDRY/ ironing service. Central London del/col. 081-748 8481.

CONFIDENTIAL discreet mail/message holding service. W1. 071-287 5445.

CHEAPEST DAILY flights to Germany. GERMAN TRAVEL CENTRE, 8 Earlham Street, London WC2. Tel. 071 836 4444.

USA Best Air Fares. Australia, New Zealand, worldwide. MERIT TRAVEL, 79 High Street, London SE25 6EA. Tel: 081 653 6514.

EXCELLENT FARES on quality airlines to the Far East, Africa, Australasia and the Americas. Buy with confidence. Call Stuart of FAREFAX TRAVEL on 078 4246607.

FLIGHTS — 0432 355944.

LEAVING GNOME? High Ridings Travel have some brilliant airfares. Why not call us on our new number? 0924 471177 or Pseuds fax 0924 475207.

T-SHIRTS for parties, companies, promotions. Small runs, quick, good price. 071-376 3819.

G-STRINGS in sexy, soft black leather. Lace trim or plain. S/M/L or send waist measurement. £6 each inc. Cheques/Pos to: CC DESIGNS, PO Box 15, Ilkeston DE7 5XP.

SCREENPRINTED t-shirts. Any slogan, any number. 0736 66248.

MASH-STYLE surgical t-shirts, superb beer/curry-resistant quality, ideal any activity, white / green, med / large, collar / collarless, satisfaction guaranteed. £17.50 inc. JAB, 74 Adelaide Grove, London W12 0JL.

FIREWORKS
Spectacular worldwide selections. DIY packs or professional displays. H&SE licensed.
"SKYFIRES"
0264 710784

AFRICA OVERLAND. 23 to 30 weeks departing 20th Nov/4th Dec. The most comprehensive itinerary available. £1250/£1450. PHOENIX OVERLAND, 081-840 4303 (24 hours).

THE ORIGINAL "Clean" weekend. Large detached Edwardian house to rent in a lovely part of Cornwall overlooking the sea. Write for brochure. Private Eye Box 0852.

SKIING 1991 — Austrian village life with a French lift system, not a pipe dream. Join us at St Martin de Belleville. Three valleys France — 1500-3300 metres, over 200 lifts. Real skiing, real village. Phone 0425 276891.

DON'T LET THIS WINTER be a dead "schloss" — learn to drive instead. Seaside residential courses. HIGHWAY HOLIDAYS. (0492) 531517.

EXODUS EXPEDITIONS overland Africa, Asia, South America from 5 to 26 weeks. For brochures telephone 081 673 0859.

TRUCK AFRICA: 5/6 months to Kenya/Victoria Falls from £1240. 4 weeks Morocco August '91 £345. Tel 071-731 6142 anytime.

AFRICA OVERLAND. Superb route via West Africa. Reputable private company. From £1295, 6 months. Departures every October and February. HOBO TRANS-AFRICA 0986 873124 anytime.

FRENCH PYRENEES. Chalets/apartments for all classes of skiing/winter sports. Travel inclusive prices. Brochure: (0295) 758282.

PRIVATE SAHARAN Expedition. Adventurous people wanted to share costs. Departs 10/12/90. Contact DEBBIE or SKIP 0323 647218.

RELAXING Archaeological Tours. Brochure from FRESCO, Dept P, 12-14 Hall Square, Denbigh, Clwyd LL16 3NU. Tel: (0745) 816268 (24 hrs).

TRANS AFRICA expeditions 21-27 weeks. £1,200. Depart Oct, Nov, Feb. Also 6 weeks East African safari, depart Nov, Mar, April, £350. Phone 071 485 4720/0633 257561 for brochure.

AFRICA EXPLORED. 8-week (£560) and 20-week (£1050) overland African expeditions. Phone 0633 853289 for brochures.

SAILING DREAMTIMES. Mediterranean, Kenya, Madagascan islands. 071-351 2620.

SW FRANCE. Autumn breaks in Cognac Country. Free bicycles with riverside cottages/caravans or cruisers. Excellent fishing, birdwatching and gastronomy. Brochure: (0295) 758282.

ASIA, AFRICA, SOUTH AMERICA overland expeditions. UK to Kathmandu, 9, 13 or 15 weeks. UK to Nairobi 20 weeks, to Harare 26 weeks. Nairobi to Harare 5 weeks. S America 6 to 23 weeks. Turkey, M. East, Egypt 8 weeks. New colour brochure. DRAGOMAN (PE), 8 Camp Green, Debenham, Suffolk IP4 6LA. 0728 861133 (24 hrs).

INDUSTRIOUS yet impoverished medical student needs funds to consolidate loans. £10,000+ needed. Gifts gratefully acknowledged. Now desperate! Box 2053.

SEPARATED LADY needs cash to clear debts. Box 2153.

£40,000 NEEDED by ambitious but poor young woman to enable her to take an excellent and unrepeatable opportunity. If you can help, please do! Box 2253.

PLEASE HELP. Cash needed to clear mounting debts. All donations and gifts welcome. Box 2353.

"DESPERATELY SEEKING money!" Young undergraduate, no parental support, anything appreciated. Box 2453.

VICTIM of post-graduate underfunding and establishment indifference needs £7,000 to complete Cambridge PhD. All donations acknowledged. Box 2553.

DESPERATELY POOR student. Please help. Box 2653.

"RESPONSIBLE" treasure hunter needs equipment funds. Small finds to donors. R. Holloway. Box 2753.

£10,000 desperately needed to aid the rehabilitation of a chronically mentally ill former serviceman, injured serving his country in Northern Ireland. Box 2853.

DESPERATE SOLO mother with deadline approaching needs £10,000 to save home and lift CPO. Will repay. Box 2953.

BLED DRY by ex-wife. Living out of cardboard box. Desperately need help for fresh start. Box 3053.

DOCUMENTARY FILM to make, cost £20,000. Female — hard to get funding. Offers welcomed. No disappointments. Find out. Box 3153.

DESPERATE DONKEY, ex-seaside, ridden for twenty years, needs £1,000 to retire gracefully. Box 3253.

GROUNDED by debt. Worldwide traveller needs £10,000. Ideas? Offers? Work? Donations? Box 3353.

DISABLED MAN needs money for brain operation. Please help also a friendly girlfriend. Box 3453.

DISTRESSED GIRL needs £1,500 to complete studies. Anything considered. Box 3553.

SCIENTIST needs £5,000 to stay in science and in London. Thanks. Box 3653.

DISTRESSED young lady needs money to mend problems. Box 3753.

EX-PROFESSIONAL sportsman, 36, very fit, desperately needs loan £10,000. Willing to put up property as guarantee or anything considered, job, etc. Box 3853.

DESPERATE: I need £2,000 urgently to clear family debts. Please help. Box 3953.

INDIAN-BORN Cambridge graduate requires cash to visit birthplace for first time since aged 5. Offers eternal friendship. Box 4053.

SINGLE MOTHER stuck in one-horse town needs money for son's education. Box 4153.

YOUR £2,000 = my future. No strings. Box 4253.

YOUNG FATHER desperately needs donations, genuine. Thanks. Box 1253.

£1250 SAVES my life. Box 1353.

COMPUTER STUDIES student — no grant — needs £1,000. Please help. Box 1653.

HELP! £5,000 needed to clear debts. Desperate. All letters answered. Box 1753.

AIR MILES or £430 for flight to begin Third World teaching post. Details available. Genuine. Box 1853.

DISILLUSIONED graduate requires help while searching for a meaningful purpose. Box 1953.

PARITY NEEDS £5,000 for university commissioned feasibility study and appeal leaflet for integrated performing arts course for disabled and able-bodied students. Please help. Full details and copy of feasibility study from Box 1453.

PLEASE HELP. I need £250,000. Thanks. Box 1553.

YOUNG GERMAN MAN (26) needs urgently £35,000. Everything considered. Help please! Box 1552.

STUDENT FAMILY with baby need cash. Box 4353.

£100K CONTRACT. Need £10K to start manufacturing. 30% return — genuine — help. Box 4453.

BINGO OBSESSED squaw, cash squeezed; needs £1,000. Repay £40 monthly. Box 4553.

PENFRIENDS — USA. Make lasting friendships through correspondence. Send age, interests. Free reply. HARMONY, Box 82295PE, Phoenix, Arizona 85071, USA.

LADIES: financially secure American and Australian gents seek friendship/marriage. Details SAE B. ROBERTSON, Qupadate, PO Box 3, Moston, Manchester M9 1EZ.

ORIENTAL ladies seek gentlemen for friendship and marriage. Send SAE for details to MISS S. OUNBAN, G80, PO Box 100, Reigate, Surrey RH2 8YX.

PERSON TO PERSON — Britain's brightest singles magazine. Free details (PE/2) PO Box 4, Goring RG8 9DN.

THE SUCCESSFUL way for professional people to meet is through THE PICTURE DATING AGENCY,the most caring and confidential service. Join us and be sent lists of compatible partners with their photos. For details call 071-439 7091 (day) or 081-852 8989 (eve).

TRAVELLING PARTNER to Greece. To share driving and petrol to Greece (outbound journey only). I have the car. Plan to travel during the month of November. Please write to CHRIS HEWITT, c/o Berkeley Public Relations, 163 Oxford Road, Reading, Berks.

MOSCOW CONNECTION. 200 lovely, cultured Russian females, university students, doctors, lawyers, teachers and more, seek love/marriage with similar caring gentlemen. 081-505 4095 office hours.

THE ANSWER is a deliciously different way to meet successful single people — just like you. Sumptuous Sunday lunches, all Surrey based. Call CHRISTINA now on 0306 742106.

PENFRIENDS — worldwide. Details SAE INTERNATIONAL PENFRIENDS, PO Box 676, Glasgow G41 3EG.

MAKE NEW FRIENDS with BON AMIS. Meeting a stranger is an unnerving experience. Will you like him or her? Will you recognise each other? Why not join our dining club and make meeting new people a pleasure? Bon Amis arranges dinner parties for up to twelve people in your area. So you have the chance to meet eleven people and widen your circle of friends. For more information telephone 0628 825362.

WHERE ARE the most discerning, sophisticated, stimulating singles meetings? At THE SUPPER CLUB, of course. Why don't you join them at one of our lavish buffet dinners or Sunday brunches, tel 071-435 4044.

SAVOIR VIVRE is different. Designed for the discerning and sophisticated, our standards are fairly high. Ring 071-581 4328 any time. SAVOIR VIVRE, A SOCIAL NETWORK, 97 Jermyn Street, London SW1Y 6JE.

ASIAN INTRODUCTIONS. Tel: 0533 610266.

POST BOX to share. Earl's Court Road. 24-hour access. £25 per annum. Call RUPERT 071-223 1501.

TRY TELEMATE Telephone Dating. Don't talk just listen. 0898 228714 (calls charged at 33p cheap, 44p all other times).

AS SEEN on LWT's "6 O'Clock Live", DINNER DATES. We give wonderful dinner parties at sophisticated West End venues for discerning single people. Stringfellows, The Savoy, The White House, etc etc. Please telephone 081-741 1252/ 081-748 2648/ 081-741 1173.

TRAVELLING COMPANIONS bringing together like-minded people who wish to travel, UK or abroad (non-group event). Contact: P&S 01-708 4344.

NOT FOR the fainthearted! Selective introductions for business, professional and creative people. MATCHMAKERS INTRODUCTIONS, 081-458 0246.

FREE BOX seats. Covent Garden to 2 late 30s/early 40s discerning, educated, fun-loving, preferably wealthy opera-appreciative gentlemen, willing to escort 2 stylish, attractive, intelligent, professional women. Dinner afterwards? Interesting replies and operatic pretences please. Box 5548.

EXTREMELY fortunate, ex-pat, investor, 6ft, single etc. Often back in South East England, would love his emotions in motion with English rose of around 20, almost half his age. Girlish attributes such as easy laughter, mane of hair or vulnerable elegance likely to inspire true chivalry. Much appreciated also, photo and phone. Box 10451.

ORPHEUS, 27, laughing philosopher. Wishes Eurydice would follow him into the light. Box 4653.

VET STUDENT desperately seeking doe, preferably good figure. Box 4753.

FUN AND GAMES wanted! Imaginative, single man, 45, seeks dream female(s). Marital status, age, unimportant. Photo, phone please. Box 7452.

ARE YOU a goodlooking, slightly submissive lady who doesn't believe in the equality of the sexes? An affluent, generous, assertive, goodlooking gentleman aged 38, would love to meet you for a one-to-one relationship. Phone number and recent photo please. Box 5152.

EURYDICE — where the hell are you? ORPHEUS.

CLOTTED CREAM man needs strawberry lady (30+) for Cornish cream teas. Box 8252.

CARING, lively, affectionate, intelligent, Greenish, Leftish, OXONIAN woman, enjoys opera, conversation, concerts, good food, seeks 50ish congenial man. Box 5753.

HANDSOME, tall, well-educated male hedonist (single), 34, seeks beautiful, intelligent female rebel (18-28) for stimulating long or short term relationship. Briefish letter, criminal record helps. C. London base. Genuine. Box 5853.

VERY ROMANTIC, sensitive, kind, caring, well educated, successful and affluent continental man, 38, very good looking, athletic but also materialistic, fond of life and living. Looking for a pretty, intelligent, classy, humorous, slim young lady, 22-35, for a loving, romantic, lasting relationship. Photo please. Box 5953.

PLEASANT MAN, good job, O.K. looking, 29, enjoys life, tennis, squash, cinema, etc, seeking girlfriend, preferably slender, 20s, good company, fun. N/S. London/Sussex. Letter and photo appreciated. Box 6053.

WARM, CARING, quietly independent, humorous, perceptive, busy, tall, professional lady, fantastic, forties, interested in meeting similar, discerning gentleman. Box 6153.

NICE GUY, 33, married, seeks daring female for fun nights out in London. Box 6253.

WELL EDUCATED, wealthy bachelor, 26, slim, unpretentious and humorous, seeks attractive, independent female for friendship and romance. Photo appreciated. London area. Box 6353.

BORED lady needing daytime attentions? Frustrated gent awaits your beckoning. Southwest. Box 6453.

ALTRUISTIC female artist, seeks altruistic male around 40, for hedonistic change! E. Sussex. (Photo please). Box 6553.

VIVACIOUS, slim, intelligent, well-travelled lady, mid sixties, seeks sincere, educated, affluent gentleman, 65-75, for companionship, holidays, theatre, etc. Box 6653.

"Thank you for all your help and friendly service, I will certainly recommend Private Eye to other advertisers."
Woodfloor Renovations

HANDSOME, passionate, English writer seeks slim, sensitive and preferably wealthy young woman for unification of assets and a beautiful life abroad. Box 4853.

VERY ATTRACTIVE cosmopolitan female graduate, 42, divorced, cultured, curious creature seeks attractive male. Box 4953.

TALL, very personable, intelligent bachelor/victim of repression (50), needs loving liaison with a highly percipient, affectionate, attractive lady who would enjoy unbuttoning his libido. Midlands. Swap photos. Box 5053.

SOUTH WEST gent seeks funloving lady. Box 5153.

OVERSEAS RESIDENT male, mid 40's, visiting London monthly, seeks interesting, late 20s lady (partner also welcome) for dinners, theatre, fun and occasional trip abroad. Photo and tel no appreciated. Box 5253.

PLAGIARISM. Attractive, tall, fit male, 32, humorous, open-minded, polite and easygoing (friends tied up in marriage), diminished opportunities of meeting a slim, warm, witty woman, 25-35, to share laughter and the other good things in life with. Chatty letter appreciated, however personality more important. Box 5353.

GENTLEMAN, mid 40s, well educated, own business, interested in all sport (especially tennis), walking, good company, good food, travel, etc, without complications. Seeks caring relationship with N/S lady with some similar interests. Kensington, Henley or between/close. Photo would be appreciated. Box 5453.

SENSE OF ADVENTURE? Wanted, male explorer for expedition into unknown, possible lifetime journey. 32-40, sporty, outdoor lover, but with other interests. Travel with like-minded female. S.W. Photo please! Box 5553.

SPROGGETT and Sylvester? No. Alliance with interest? Yes! Tall, slim man, 30 (London, not Leicester) seeks happy woman, 20-27, to share live music/comedy, cinema. Box 5653.

I'M LOOKING for attractive, caring, intelligent, sensuous lady, 40-52, to share loving and hopefully permanent relationship. I am 58, (look 50), 6ft tall, fair haired, kind, caring available immediately — anybody interested? Surrey area. Photo please. Box 8653.

SUCCESSFUL, international company director (29), intelligent, witty and handsome, athletic, tennis, skiing, seeks sexy blonde, romantic, passionate, lady for romantic dinners fun outings and sensual energetic nights. Must be N/S. Telephone number and photo ensures reply. Box 6753.

PROFESSIONAL, solvent, male, 39, seeks lively lady for steaming affair. London area. Box 6853.

STYLISH AFFAIR with international scope based North. Elegant, mature, divorced wasp (late 40s) seeks gorgeous, younger woman (late 20s) — swap photo and contact route. Box 6953.

HUNTING TYPE formerly on horses now somewhat mature, blissfully seeking slim, youngish lady, Preston area, hopeful to prove there's life in the old dog yet and age is a state of mind. London trips, wining, dining. Photos after contact. Box 7053.

VERY ATTRACTIVE lady, 33, sophisticated, fairly articulate, enjoys the good things in life, seeks mature sugar daddy type for no strings attached, lasting relationship. Marital status unimportant. (S. East) Box 7453.

TALL, 49, Midlands male, easy going, seeks position as house husband to professional female or lady of independent means so I can quit my sales career and concentrate on making you happy and me happier. Interests, skiing, boozing, travel, sculpting, inventing. Non-smoking lady of Greenish, liberated views preferred. Box 7553.

HARRY, 25, professional, fun loving, seeks friendship, romance and needs rescuing from boredom. East Midlands. Box 7653.

EC2, music-lover (50, married) would love to provide tickets and dinner for lady to share weekday concerts and other interests. Box 7753.

PRIVATE EYE SMALLS, 6 CARLISLE STREET, LONDON W1V 5RG
071 734 6887

PLEASE WRITE YOUR ADVERTISEMENT HERE:

YOUR NAME ADDRESS AND TELEPHONE NUMBER:
(This information is confidential)

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

IF YOU ARE PAYING WITH AN ACCESS OR VISA CARD WRITE THE NUMBER HERE:

_____ EXPIRY DATE: _____

SEND YOUR ADVERTISEMENT WITH PREPAYMENT
(Cheque, cash, postal orders, Access or Visa)
TO ARRIVE AT LEAST 10 DAYS BEFORE PUBLICATION DATE

PRIVATE ADVERTISERS

- ❑ REGULAR STYLE: £1.15 PER WORD
- ❑ SEMI-DISPLAY: £3.00 PER WORD
- ❑ ALLOCATION OF BOX NUMBER: £6.00

BUSINESS ADVERTISERS

- ❑ REGULAR STYLE: £1.50 PER WORD
- ❑ SEMI-DISPLAY STYLE: £3.00 PER WORD
- ❑ ALLOCATION OF BOX NUMBER: £10.00

DISCOUNTS

10% FOR A SERIES OF 6 ADVERTISEMENTS ❑

15% FOR A SERIES OF 12 OR MORE ADVERTISEMENTS ❑

10% TO PUBLISHERS ❑

VAT INCLUSIVE

PLEASE WRITE YOUR NAME & ADDRESS ON THE BACK OF YOUR CHEQUE

ATTRACTIVE, professional man, (mid 30s), tall, slim, graduate, with wide range of interests, seeks attractive, intelligent, caring female (25-33) to enliven social and emotional existence. Non-smokers only. Photo please. Box 7153.

LAUGHS GALORE with City male, 29, seeking female pal for fun. Box 7253.

WOODLAND WALKS on winter days and log fires appeal to me - how about you? Me: attractive, sensitive graduate, happily divorced, 42. You: lovely lady, great sense of humour, appalling taste in men. Near New Forest, but will travel. Box 7353.

FEMALE — tall, blonde and independent, 31, wishes to meet solvent, interesting male, 30-35, London area. Photo essential. Box 8753.

BUSY BLOKE, 38, seeks lively lady, for discreet dalliance. Sheffield area. Box 8353.

TALL (6'2"), dark, attractive, professional, athletic (12st), humorous, incompatibly married, no children, caring male, seeks 30s slim, attractive, bright female for love, romance, passion and laughter. Children and career welcomed. Photos exchanged. South Wales often London. Box 8853.

CAREER WOMAN, too modest to boast about personal attributes, would like to meet mature, unattached man for evening out. Gtr. Manchester/Cheshire. Photo appreciated. Box 8953.

HERTFORDSHIRE heart donor seeks new life. Loan or permanent gift considered. Easy, relaxed, solvent male (32, divorced) seeks accomplished woman of style taste and humour. Box 9053.

You can reply to a Box Number ad for up to 2 months after it was published.

TALL, SLIM and extremely attractive, well educated, tri-lingual, glamorous brunette, 35, would like to meet intelligent, amusing, successful man for romantic, discreet liaison. Box 10853.

NATURE abhors a vacuum. Male, 50ish, with sense of humour and intelligence wanted to fill the vacuum in my life. I'm educated, attractive, solvent. My friends love me! Photo please. Box 7953.

BLONDE BELL sought by bean. South West. Box 8053.

FRENCH GIRL sought by male, 30s, for friendship, conversation, outings. Box 9453.

TIED LADY, 36, seeks older med. man for peace and tranquillity. Photo please. Birmingham. Box 9253.

ADVENTUROUS MAN seeks adventurous lady for exciting, uninhibited meeting of the minds and other things. I'm 38, tall, dark haired, wealthy and sophisticated and enjoy the good things in life more with like-minded company. Box 9553.

OUTGOING, sporty, trustworthy, elegant lady who has lived abroad would like to meet successful, trustworthy, educated, gentleman. Replies with photo please. E. Midlands. London. Box 8253.

MALE, 24, into music, the outdoors, seeks interesting, intelligent, attractive woman, between 20 and 30 for companionship and romance. East Anglia preferred. Box 8453.

LATE THIRTIES female graduate, slightly overweight, with sociability, sensitivity, fun, constancy, seeks intelligent, caring, interesting male counterpart for some sort of permanence. Oxford area. Box 8553.

ATTRACTIVE female, 40, seeks intelligent male company — N.W. England. Box 9353.

PRETTY WOMAN, slim, bright, seeks intelligent, goodlooking gentleman, 33-50, with sense of humour. Scotland/N. England. Photo please. Box 9153.

HARRY (32) seeks Sally? Enigma seeks variation. ALA. Box 7853.

SINGLE PARENT, 30s, female graduate, wide interests, busy social life, looking for an unattached, attractive, professional male, 35-45, for caring, long term relationship. North East. Photo please. Box 9653.

PROFESSIONAL male, mid 40s, considered attractive, bored with married life, wishes to meet attractive, intelligent female, 28-35, for friendship and to enjoy life. Absolute discretion assured and required. Photo and letter guarantees reply. Box 9753.

DESIRABLE female, 39, single, clever, attractive, feminine, romantic. Desires to be spoilt within a passionate, fun relationship by a very special, very successful male. Discretion assured. Box 9853.

GREAT NORTHERN lass, 30, needs inamorato. Box 9953.

GUY, 52, leaving 22nd December for two weeks in coastal cottage seeks female companion who likes log fires and good walks. Box 10053.

LIBRARIAN, 30s, caring and humorous, but attached and frustrated, seeks similar, intelligent woman for fun and friendship. East Anglia. Box 10153.

FUN, FROLICS and mutual fantasies! Zestful, considerate male (S.E.) seeks sensuous cooperative female. Absolute discretion assured. Write/send name and telephone number. Box 10253.

MALE (20), seeks lady of similar age for fun, frolics and friendship. Box 10353.

AND NOW for something completely different. Non materialistic, non smoking male, 30s, would like to meet a special lady who would like to share life's true treasures and explore the highways and byways of the West Country. Box 10553.

GENTLE MAN, 35, professional, recently moved to West Midlands, has had to leave certain things behind. Would like to meet female, 23-35 to fill void. Send photo and life story. Box 10653.

MANLY, single, 33, fit, established decision maker, warm and humorous, attractive, educated formally/life, seeks affectionate, outgoing lady (25-35) into arts, conversation, outdoor life, London/Cambs. Photo please. Box 10753.

ELIGIBLE bachelor, 31, tall, strong, handsome and kind, seeks pretty, blonde, public-school girlfriend, 18-22. (Send photo). Box 8153.

LIVELY (35), humorous and presentable, seeks bored housewife, 30-50, for quiet, discreet, physical affair. Photo/letter appreciated, discretion assured and expected. London (N.W.), Bucks, Herts. Box 11253.

SENSITIVE and intelligent lady sought by nice married guy (46), for enriching and non-threatening relationship. North Cheshire/Manchester/Liverpool. Box 11353.

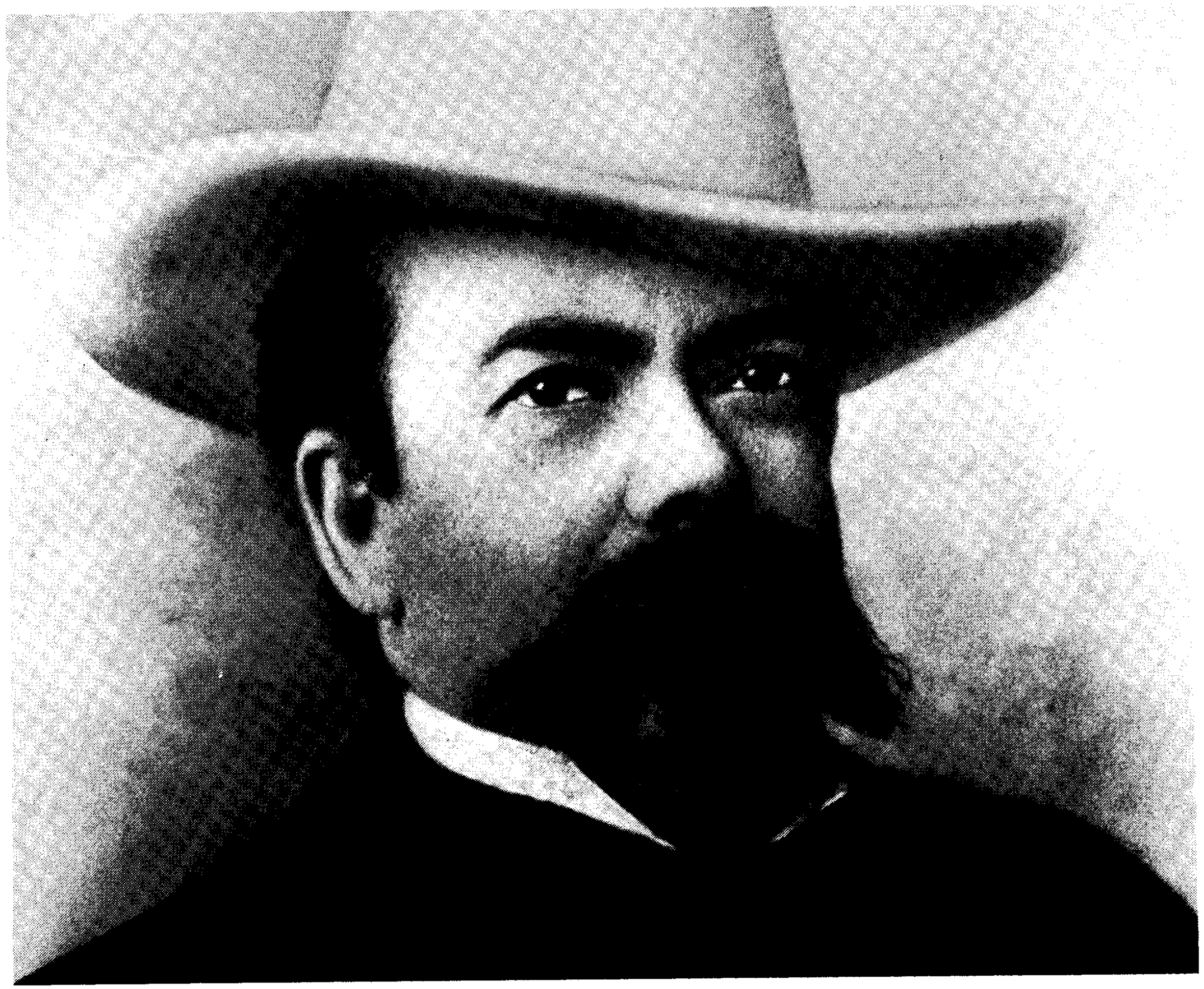
DESPERATE MALE, 24, tall, slim and reasonably attractive, needs experienced and attractive woman for sexual education. Plymouth area preferably, but can travel. Box 11653.

IRISH GRADUATE, male, 31, seeks younger woman for friendship, company and fun. N. London. Box 10953.

ATTRACTIVE, sporty, affectionate, professional female (32), likes mountains, muesli and Mozart. Would like to get married and have babies. North West. Box 11053.

MOVIE-MAD, sincere, humorous, ordered, overworked chap (30), decided loner partly through fear of intimacy, tongue-tied, bit awkward and inexperienced with women, yearns for happier, confident, relaxed times sharing movies, worldwide travels, interests, laughs, quietness, friendship, romance, feelings, ambitions and more with genuinely supportive, understanding, singularly independent, bubbly, chatty, adorable, sensual, sexy, funny, homely, non-smoking female. Possible? Letter/photo please! Box 11153.

MILLIONAIRE, unattached, looking for fun-loving, non-smoking female in the Hampshire area age 25 to 35 to accompany him beginning November on his boat. Going Caribbean. Please write with photograph. Box 11753.



It's True, Jack Daniel's Whiskey Is No Better Today Than When Jack Daniel Created It.

In 1866, Jack Daniel created the world's first Tennessee sippin' whiskey.

Then, for over 120 years, nobody did anything to improve it. Today's Jack Daniel's has the same rare taste as when Mr. Jack first made it. Which means it's still mellowed drop by drop. That's the way you've always liked it. So, we promise, we're still not planning any improvements.

SMOOTH SIPPIN' TENNESSEE WHISKEY

If you'd like to know more about our unique whiskey, write to us for a free booklet at the Jack Daniel's Distillery, Lynchburg, Tennessee, USA.

EXPOSE YOURSELF

FANTASTIC FIREWORKS

to the power of pyrotechnics!

■ PARTIES ■ WEDDINGS ■ CELEBRATIONS

Call in our Firing Squad or DIY it with one of our spectacular packs

RING FOR BROCHURE

0582 794422

FAX YOUR ORDER

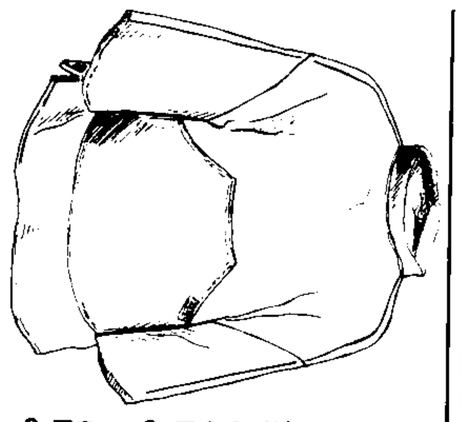
0582 793741

Fantastic Fireworks
Rocket House, Redbourn,
Herts AL3 7RH

NEWSFLASH ORDER NOW FOR BONFIRE NIGHT

Cheques payable to: ZEIGO Ltd, Unit 5, Blackburn Industrial Estate, Sherburn in Elmet LS25 6NA. 0977 603 177.

CORNISH STYLE FISHING SMOCK



Made from 100% Washed Cotton Twill.
Ideal for most outdoor activities and looks terrific with jeans. One Size Loose Fit. 3/4 sleeves.
Available in Red, Yellow, Navy & Orange
Buy direct from sole suppliers only £12.95 plus £1.00 p & p
(Normal price usually £24.99)
Please state 2nd choice of colour.

Your address: P.O. or C/O? Box Clever!

Rent your own Private Mail Box + Key. Incoming Faxes and Telexes FREE. Forwarding Service, Message Desk, Copying. Why pay more for an office?

2 Old Brompton Road, London SW7 3DQ.
"We can handle all your mail"
Call us on 071-584 8648
Fax us on 071-581 4445

DICKENS
THE SOCIALLY MOBILE CAT
The ultimate satirical cat story!

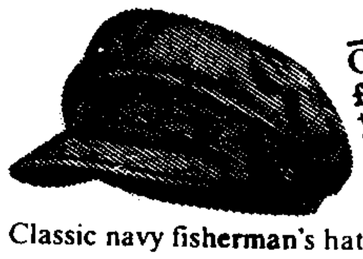
Dickens, a very Victorian moggy is *transmogrified* from city ease to Marshalsea Debtors prison, his master having allegedly been caught with his hand in the till. Adventures abound in this beautifully illustrated social satire. A must for Christmas - and beyond.

An elegantly designed hard back with 15 black & white illustrations. (Handy for those boring moments in bankruptcy hearings.)

£9.95 inc P&P
from Eyebrow Editions
15 Brantwood Avenue
Isleworth
Middlesex TW7 7EX

Tel: 081-560 3030 Fax: 081-568 2935

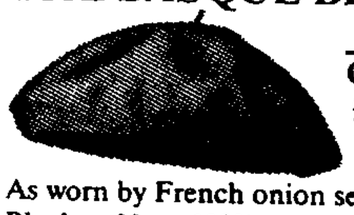
THE BRETON CAP



ONLY £11.95 +£1.00 p&p

Classic navy fisherman's hat.

THE BASQUE BERET



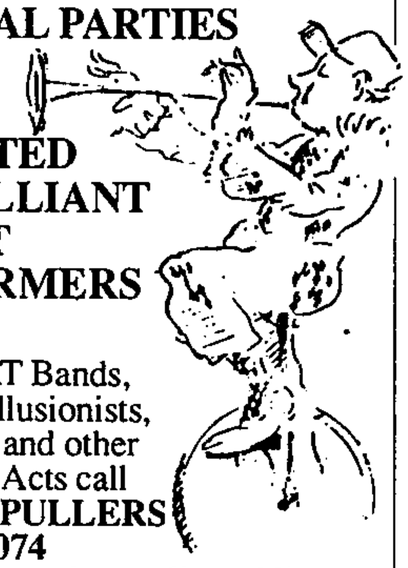
ONLY £9.95 +£1.00 p&p

As worn by French onion sellers!
Black or Navy 100% wool with silky lining Sizes 6¾, 6⅞, 7, 7⅛, 7¼, 7⅜, 7½.

Orders to:
The Breton Shirt Company, Dept. HP6
99 Watermoor Rd., Cirencester
Glos. GL7 1LD Or Phone
(0285) 652997 with your Credit Card no.

WOT A LOAD OF FROLICKS!

THE BEST AND MOST UNUSUAL PARTIES ARE THOSE ANIMATED BY BRILLIANT STREET PERFORMERS



For GREAT Bands, Jugglers, Illusionists, Musicians and other Wondrous Acts call CROWD PULLERS
081-305 0074
for our long and complicated list.

"DRONE, DRONE, DRONE LEAVE YOUR MESSAGE AFTER THE TONE"

PERSONALISED ANSWERING MACHINE MESSAGES

Choose from Businesstyle, Comedy, Fun, Risque.
CHRISTMAS THEMES NOW AVAILABLE
Buy them for your home, office or as a unique gift

Call now* for details on 0898 888614
Ansaback, Fairway Promotions Ltd.,
10 Ambassador Place,
Altrincham WA15 8DB
*33p/min cheap rate, 44p/all other times

ONLY £10.99 FOR 5 CUSTOM MESSAGES

Made to Measure
SHIRTS for the Connoisseur
Send for brochure & 300 fabric samples
Seymour Shirts FREEPOST Dept 31
Bradford BD1 1BR Tel 0274 726520

SAUCY GNOMES

NEW

£9.99 each post paid

- DELIGHFULLY RUDE AND CHEEKY
- 8 INCHES TALL
- CAST IN CONCRETE
- COLOURFULLY HAND PAINTED
- MATT SUFF COLOUR WITH RED HAT, GREEN COAT &TROUSERS TERRACOTTA COLOURED POT, ETC

MAKE CHEQUE PAYABLE TO 'SAUCY GNOMES'
WILLIAMS, DEPT EYE, FREEPOST, PARK GROVE, LONDON E15 3BR
081 - 985 4280 (24 Hrs)
S.A.E. FOR COLOUR LEAFLET
Proprietors D Gibbs & T G Williams

POTTY GNOME MODEL No P1

MOONING GNOME MODEL No M2

INFLATABLE SHEEP
Eweser Friendly, Real Orifices, Sexy
No Mess, No Irritability, Easy to Catch

Send £25 cheque/p.o. to "Love-ewes"
20, Edith Grove, London SW10 ONL
Essential for Stag Nights, Office Parties, Clients

TERROR ON YOUR TELEPHONE

true horror

0898 800 251

CREEPY STORIES 0898 800 257

JOKE OF THE CENTURY 0898 800 258

TRACY'S TEASE 0898 800 254 XXX

DIAL-A-SLAG 0898 800 261

SEX WITH YOUR HAMSTER 0898 800 260

WILLIE JOKES 0898 800 255

NAUGHTY JOKELINE 0898 800 250

TASTELESS TIM'S BAD TASTE JOKES 0898 800 252

THE ULTIMATE THRILL...

DORIS DROPS 'EM!

HEAR HER NOW 0898 800 253

ULTRA-NAUGHTY JOKELINE FOR READERS OF SMALL PRINT 0898 800 259

BUZZ HUMOUR 146 HAMMERSMITH GROVE W6 7HE

5p PER 9 SECS CHEAP RATE 5p PER 7 SECS AT ALL OTHER TIMES INC. VAT

PRIVATE EYE

SUBSCRIPTIONS ORDER FORM

Mortimer House, 230-236 Lavender Hill, London SW11 1LE
UK: £13 Europe & Eire: £19 Elsewhere: Surface £19 Air £24

Magazines to:

NAME

ADDRESS

Please print & use the postcode

I enclose cheque/PO for £. . . . .

OR

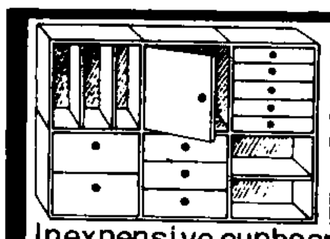
Please charge ACCESS ☐ VISA ☐ Card expires: ____ / ____

Card number:

Cardholder's name & address if different from above

OR: Why not 'Dial-A-Sub' 071·228 0425 'Fax-A-Sub' 071·924 3719

Overseas subscribers please note: payment must be made by International Money Order **OR** Bankers Draft in £ Sterling drawn on London **OR** ACCESS/VISA.



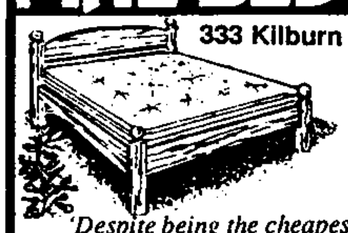
CUBES
SHELVING
TRESTLES
DESKS ETC

Inexpensive cupboards, record units drawers, wardrobes & shelf systems beech, white, black for home or work
Mail-order catalogue or visit us at
CubeStore 58 Pembroke Road W8
081-994 6016 (24hrs) also Sflk/Notts

TAURUS PINE BEDS

HAND MADE & SOLD DIRECT

333 Kilburn High Road, NW6



Telephone: 071 624 3024/3205 for brochure and information

'Despite being the cheapest, among the very best' TIME OUT

FUTON EXPRESS

Double Sofa-Beds from £89

Colour Brochure

23/27 Pancras Road, London NW1 2QB
Tel: 071-833 3945 10am-6pm Mon-Sat
Fast U.K. Del or Cash n' Carry

ISSN 0032-888X

9 770032 888013 43

Published by Pressdram Ltd, 6 Carlisle St, London W1. 071-437 4017. Printed by East End Offset Ltd, Empson St, London E3 3LT. Distributed by P.E. Distribution, Mortimer Hse, 230/236 Lavender Hill, London SW11. 071-223 9971